FORGED STATESMAN'S LETTERS SEE PAGES 20 AND 21

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVII.
1512.

JOHN BULL

The proof of the pudding is in the

BIRDS custard

★ It's the flavour that makes it the favourite ★

Playtime PERILS

IN the school playground, in the parks, and in the fields, the children, with nimble toes and laughing eyes, play merrily; and now they have more time for fun, too—long summer evenings in which to revel in the joys of a good game or a jolly prank. How they are thrilled if there is a high wall on which to walk, a tree to climb, a swing on which to soar into the air, a ditch to jump! Here there is no thought of possible accident, no fear, no realisation of danger. And that's why the toll of children's accidents is so colossal.

Anxious parents do everything possible to protect their children from the perils of playtime; but they can easily obtain a *double* safeguard by signing the Forms below for "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

Under its comprehensive Insurance Gift, "John Bull" provides generous benefits for Children's Accidents—benefits which make such a difference when the time comes to pay for little bedside luxuries and for medical attention.

During the first four months of this year alone "John Bull" dispatched no less than 1,291 cheques as Children's Accident Benefits under its Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

Remember, in addition to Children's Accidents, "John Bull" provides generous Benefits for Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, while Boating and Bathing, loss by Burglary, etc.

In the panel below we mention the **EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS** provided by "John Bull"—Benefits which *no other paper in the world* offers.

Think what it would mean to your peace of mind to know that should the cold grey clouds of misfortune descend upon your home there is always "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift to bring back the Silver Lining. **Sign the Forms below NOW.**

"John Bull"—the only paper in the world to pay Benefits for Fire, Storm and Flood damage and Sickness and to add a 10 PER CENT. BONUS to every Benefit to registered readers of over three months' standing.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 8/6/35

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age .....

Address .....

.....

.....

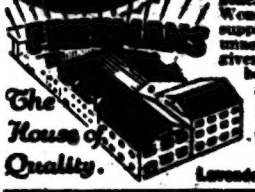
Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 8/6/35

MEN WITH SPARE TIME



YOUR OPPORTUNITY!

Lucrative spare-time occupation for men in regular work to represent one of London's oldest cash and credit houses supplying the finest values in Drapery, Clothing, Footwear, Household Goods, Toys, Jewellery, etc. Dignified, pleasant work, generous terms, no outlay. Wonderful range of samples supplied. Experience quite unnecessary. Every support given. Acknowledged the best steady spare-time agency of all. Early application advisable. Write for details NOW to: The Staff Manager, FREEMANS, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11

The House of Quality.

WHAT SHOULD YOU PA... for the usual 45/- to 50/- SUIT

OUR PRICE TELLS ...

We can make you a perfect Lounge Suit in latest style, D. or D. Breasted, ... Yorkshire Tweeds or Fine Worsteds. 100 patterns to choose from. 20 years' reputation for ... value. Write now for ... patterns, self-measure ... and latest fashions.

ALL BRITISH SUITS TO MEASURE 19/-
MONEY BACK GUARA...

H. THOMAS & Co., ... 14, Pitlake Bridge, ...
London Showroom only: 39, Whitehall, S.W.1.

DON'T WEAR DRAINPIPES!

LOOK SMARTER IN THE NEW

SEMI-OXFORD FLANNELS

17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, or 24 inches. Silver, Mid. or Dark Grey. Waist 26-46. Leg 28-36. Well-cut and tailor from tested Flannel; fitted with belt loops, side straps, front cash pocket, usual side pockets, and lat. tons inside; permanent turn-ups.

Please state waist, inside leg and width bottom required.

5/3 Just 6d. or C.O.D.

If pairs 11/-, post pd.

Easy to Purchasers of Flannel Trousers.

St. Margaret's Woollen Slipover in Blue, Maroon, Grey, White. 1/6

THE FLANNEL KING (Dept. J. 22), ... Heath Road, TWICKENHAM.

COVENTRY CYCL...

57/6

LOW EASY TER...

Don't pay Agents' P... Buy direct from Cov... and SAVE ONE POUN... more. Sports, Lightw... and 3 Speeds, on app... carriage paid. Forty ... advertising in this paper, ... thousands of satisfied cust... Get my free Catalogue now.
Edwd. O'Brien, Ltd., Dept. 3, Co...

THE JUBILEE STAMP...

Stubbins Ashworth Brothers, Charles Street, Manchester 1.

can mean at least

£2 to YOU...

"WORLDWIDE" CLUBS "THE EVERY TIME" PAYS

Associated Warehouses—
J. D. WILLIAMS & CO., LTD., OF MANCHESTER. Established 1875.

British to the backbone—60 years' reputation for honourable dealings and sending over 3,000,000 parcels and packets annually.

Directors:
E. C. & W. P. WILLIAMS.

Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses, Charles Street, Manchester, 1

Simply fill in your name and address on the Coupon below, and post it in an unsealed envelope with a ½d. stamp affixed for full particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs—it can mean from £2 up to £5 and more to you. "Worldwide" Clubs are a happy opportunity, for you to earn in a few minutes of your spare time each week a good Commission and Profit share, and YOU ALSO BENEFIT YOUR FRIENDS—they buy direct from the warehouse on the very simple terms of 1/- weekly and at Warehouse prices, saving them from 5/- to 10/- in the £. DON'T miss this opportunity which many thousands enjoy to add to your income at the "friendliest hobby in the world." Easy, pleasant and profitable—no samples to carry or sell; to do—no experience or capital required.

POST THE COUPON TO-DAY FOR FULL PARTICULARS. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue free—Boots and Shoes, Ladies' and Men's Wear, Fashions, Furniture, Crockery and Household Goods of every description at 1/- weekly and warehouse prices.

To:—WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES, CHARLES STREET, MANCHESTER. 1

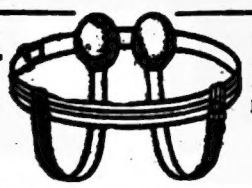
Please send me free and without obligation your Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs, showing how I can earn from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name M.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

J.B.62. .....
(Send in unsealed envelope. ½d. stamp only required.)

10/- SINGLE Postage 4d. In Silk Elastic 17/6



15/- DOUBLE Postage 4d. In Silk Elastic 26/-

We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Wonderful Support Appliances. Consisting of a strong elastic body band fitted with soft impermeable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once stating size round body and whether left, right or double rupture.

A Customer writes:—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable. *Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.*

LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dept. B29), Craven House, 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

PRICES 6D. and 1/6 per TUBE

RHINO-SO... SYNTHETIC PL... LEATHER Just ... on ...

Brus... with ... is simp... self, a ... compound ... spread on ... knife. It ... moulded ... desired shape or thickness and hardens ready for wear in a few hours. "Rhino-Sole" repairs rubber as well as leather footwear, and is ideal for worn tennis shoes, gym boots, plimsolls and crepe. Millions of tubes already sold. Obtainable from leading Ironmongers, Leather Stores, etc., WOOLWORTH and W. H. SMITH & SON'S branches. If any difficulty in obtaining send P.O. for 1/10 for mammoth size tube post free, to the sole manufacturers.

RHINO-SOLE Ltd., Dept. 172J, Fleet Street, ...
TRADE INQUIRIES INVITED.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

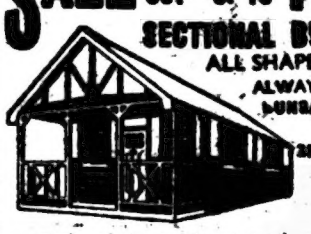
'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/8,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department 27a Floral Street, London, W.C.2

VALUE 3d.

SALE ALL PRICES CUT—UP TO 12½%

SECTIONAL BUILDINGS
ALL SHAPES & SIZES.
ALWAYS ON VIEW



BUNGALOWS from £16
GREENHOUSES £5
GARAGES £7 6

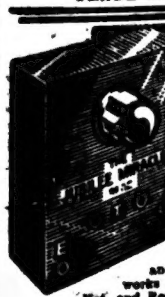
HUTS 47/6 KENNELS £2 Etc., Etc.
CASH OR EASY TERMS. LISTS FREE.

C. ALBERT & Co. (Dept. J.B.) 187, BRIXTON HILL, LONDON, S.W.2.

FREE!...

50000 RADIO ...

ENTIRE FACTORY'S ...
to be given away ...
customers.



Outdoor aerial essential. ... proved to get that Resona ... of "Radio Pictorial." "Yo... set. "Amateur Wireless" and late "Amateur Wireless" ... works very well indeed ... Nat. and Reg. and Midland Reg. strength ... well made." Just buy 3 packets of our famous "Pen... 100% Sheffield, 2-hole type razor blades at 1/- per packet and packing 6d., to receive FREE the world's greatest set. No Batteries, Valves, etc., to buy. Electricity not ... Everyone receives a set without exception. Send 6/- ...

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS Ltd. (Dept. ...
89, New Oxford Street, London, ...

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

YOURS for £5·5·0 value for 45/6

1/- DEPOSIT

Illustrated List Post Free. SOLID GOLD English Hall-marked WRIST WATCH with Bracelet attached. Movement. Timed to a month. Fully Warranted 10 years. 1/- Deposit only for Free Trial. If satisfactory, balance 5/- within 7 days and 2/- fortnightly until £5 5 0 is paid. Cash with order within 7 days 45/6 only.

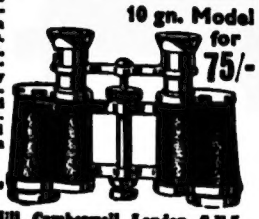
Write for Illustrated List, Rings, Jewellery, etc.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.13), 94-104, DENMARK HILL, S.E.5

YOURS for 3/- DEPOSIT

PRISMATIC FIELD GLASSES

Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars by Lemiere, Paris. 8x Magnification Wide View "Screw and Eyepiece Focus" Bending Bar. Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Sling. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory Balance payable 3/- monthly until 79/6 is paid or cash within 7 days 75/- only. Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.



10 gn. Model for 75/-

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 128), 94-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5

ORCHESTRAL PIANO ACCORDIONS

8 GNS VALUE FOR 48/6

YOURS for 3/- DEPOSIT

Real Piano Accordions at Specially Reduced Prices. Piano Finished Cabinet, Steel Reeds, Metal Bound Bellows, Triple Chord Action. Complete with Shoulder Strap. 21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses. Send only 3/- Deposit, Balance payable 5/- Monthly until 52/- is paid, or Cash within 7 days 48/6 only. Write for illustrated List of Models with 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass, etc., etc. All on equally attractive Terms.

J. A. Davis & Co. (Dept. J.B.7), 94-104 Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5

BABY CLOTHES

EXPECTANT MOTHERS: BE PREPARED — DON'T DELAY—I CAN SUPPLY A COMPLETE LAYETTE, WORTH 5 GNS. FOR 30/-

Modern Short Lengths or Usual long Clothes.

75 MAGNIFICENT GARMENTS (for Summer or Winter Baby). Shawl, Wool Shawl, Ends, Robes, Lawn or Winceyette Day Gowns, Day Gowns, Flannelette Nightdresses, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Matinee Coats, Binders, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkins, etc.

A YORKSHIRE PURCHASER WRITES: "To say I am pleased is insufficient. The layette exceeds all expectations. All garments would have cost me three times the amount had I bought them up here."

SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Ref. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. E. HOWARD, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

SOUTH WESTERN

GREENHOUSES

L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts
6	6	47/6	5/6	4 3
10	6	89/6	9/6	7 6
15	8	140/-	15/-	13/-

ALL SECTIONAL

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY FROM STOCK

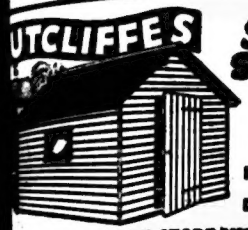
250 MILE FREE LORRY DELIVERY

Write now for Free Cat. S.E. (Sheds, etc.) G.H. (Greenhouses), GARDEN SHEDS

L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts
4	4	34/6	3/-	2 1
7	5	44/6	4/-	3 11
10	7	69/6	5/-	6 2

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. 1929 Ltd. Dept. J., Nurse Rd., Fulham, S.W.6. Ful. 1121 (5 lines)

OUTCLIFFE'S Store SHED from 2/9 MONTHLY



Design S.S.

ERED on first . For storing Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, suit in 6 strong fitting sections, the best value, carriage paid. Felt supplied (Floors extra.)

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-

Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1 10 0 2/6
7ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	2 15 0 5/-
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	3 10 0 6/5
12½ft.	8ft.	7ft.	4 15 0 8/10

Send for Free Catalogue, Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Aviaries, &c.

Sutcliffe Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, London Showrooms: 60-62, Oxford St., W.1.

SOME PEOPLE SPEND THEIR SPARE TIME—

—BUT HERE'S THE MOST PROFITABLE WAY OF SPENDING IT!

READ THIS WONDERFUL OFFER

The **Amprice** method of adding to your income gives an agent **numerous advantages** not found in other spare-time propositions. Become an agent for our **6d. Treble Value Club Cards** which sell at sight. You will find this is the **easiest, simplest and most** enjoyable way of adding to your income. **No capital or experience is needed** and we pay all our **agents commission weekly.** Everything is made easy for you—everything necessary provided free. Our Huge Resources have enabled us to make our offer so attractive that many of our agents earn **over £3 weekly for spare time work that is no trouble.** We definitely claim that this is the **Finest Agency Proposition.**

LIVE AGENTS WANTED TO DRAW BIG MONEY EVERY WEEK!

Remember delay means lost opportunities. This is your great chance—send off at once for Complete Details.

To AMBLER PRICE & COLE LTD. (Dept. J.B.) Amprice House, Acton Lane, LONDON, N.W.10.

Travellers required to appoint Agents (all districts). Salary and Commission.

Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time, also forward me your illustrated catalogue.

NAME .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)
ADDRESS .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)
.....

Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp). J.B.148. 8/6/35.

FILL IN & POST THIS COUPON.

The Toothbrush Menace

If you use an old tooth brush you have a disease "carrier" — it is laden with deadly germs which contaminate the mouth and other parts. Don't run this risk, get the

DENTAL-STERO

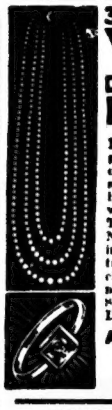
holds the tooth brush in a glass container (as illustrated), the stand of which contains a special dry chemical which gives off a sterilising vapour. Tasteless, non-staining, absolutely harmless. Price 2/6 post free, complete with fine quality bristle brush (various colours) and nickel wall or shelf bracket. Send for this personal necessity today.

Complete with brush 2/6 Post Free

Above Shows Dental-Stero in detail

THE SOUTHERN DISTRIBUTORS, 8, St. George's Road, Skide, Newport, I.O.W.

3 Gn GOLD-CASED WATCH AND REAL DIAMOND RING FREE!



Lady's or Gent's, modern 18-ct. gold-cased, reliable watch on strong expanding bracelet, also real Diamond Ring (assorted sizes) absolutely free. Stone is carefully set and polished. These articles sent to you FREE on all counts. Not a competition but advertising campaign to introduce our new "Mathon" design, a effect triple row pearls, nicely lined with chrome paste clasp at 21/- cash or 1/- deposit and 1/6 fortnightly. This offer is open for 24 days only. Send at once for Pearls, FREE Watch and Diamond Ring.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD., (Dept. J.P.W.3), 89, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

Agents Wanted! £1—£2

A WEEK MADE BY SPARE-TIME AGENTS! Much More by Full-Time Agents.

Here is a chance for YOU to make money! Sealon Teas are the easiest to sell because they are the finest obtainable at the keenest prices. Once tried, repeat orders come automatically and regularly. Accredited Agents are given every support. Let us send you convincing proof and particulars of how to make money, as thousands of our Agents are doing. Write NOW to (Dept. J.B.), 71, Milton Street, London, E.C.2.

TEA

REE!

ON TEA CO.

How to Stop Smoking

Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes; how much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for Booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Dept. B.11), 21 Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

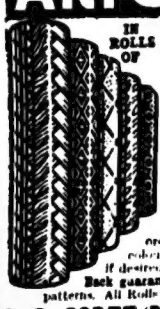
THIS FINE BOX CAMERA WITH FILMS, PRINTING, PAPER, FRAME, DEVELOPER & FIXER Is YOURS—ABSOLUTELY FREE!

To popularise our 100%, Sheffield "Double Life" 3-hole type double-edged razor blades we are giving absolutely FREE with every order for 15 blades for 1/-, post and packing 6d., this British Made Camera with good lens, accurate view-finder, simple time and instantaneous shutter, leatherette finish. Daylight loading. Also films, developing and fixing powders, printing paper and frame, exposure chart and full instructions. Money back if blades are not equal to any 4d. blade obtainable. Send 1/6 only for blades and FREE Camera and Photographic Outfit. Nothing more to pay. Immediate dispatch. Additional Films 3d. extra.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD., (Dept. J.F.C.4), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

(One minute Tottenham Court Road Tube.)

ARTOLEUM TRADE MARK



IN ROLLS OF 108 sq. ft. for 15/-

Carriage Paid to your door England and Wales, Scotland 1/6 extra. Superseding Linoleum at a fraction of the cost. Rot-proof and damp-proof. Ideal for Covering wood or stone floors. Made for hard wear. Easy to keep clean. Send P.C. for Patterns and Samples (post free) or order at once stating colour required. Sent C.O.D.

FREE With every roll we give you absolutely FREE one Floor Mat size 36 in. by 18 in.

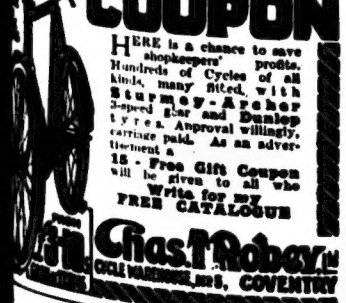
If desired at addition Cost of 9d. roll. Money Back guarantee, if not delighted. Great range of patterns. All Rolls 2 yds. wide. Hundreds of testimonials.

A. C. CORFE (Dept. J.B.), 182, HIGH ROAD, WOOD GREEN, N.22.

AMAZING PRICES!

BATH & CO. LTD. 5-7 Southampton St. Strand, London W.C.2

15/- FREE GIFT COUPON



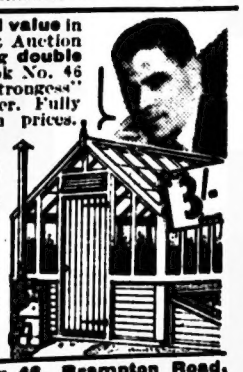
HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed Gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a

15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

Chas. T. Robey Ltd. CYCLE WAREHOUSE No. 8, COVENTRY

1ST PRICE 2/6 From THORNS

Proof positive of the sound value in Thorns Buildings is shown at Auction Sales by critical judges paying **double prices.** Send for FREE Book No. 46 of Portable Buildings with "Strongest" **steel bracing,** planed timber. Fully Guaranteed for **half** auction prices. Easily erected. Cash or Terms.



SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	Deposit.	Mthly.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2 3 0 or	3/6	3 11
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£3 1 0 or	4/-	5 6
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4 8 0 or	6/9	8/-

Pent Roof Sheds 22/6, Garages 33/6, GREENHOUSES from 55/-, GARDEN FRAMES from 15/-, HEATING APPARATUS from £2 4s. Delivered Free or Carr. Paid in England & Wales.

THORNS

J. THORN & SONS, LTD., 'Phone: Bexleyheath 305 (5 lines) Box 46, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

A WHOLE FACTORY'S STOCK BOUGHT OUTRIGHT

Never before in the annals of watchmaking industry has such an offer been made. This famous Swiss Watch (retailed at 27/6) is **Yours for 3/6,** post 6d. **No more to pay.** Stainless Chromium Plated Case. Perfect lever movement. Unbreakable glass. An accurately adjusted, non-magnetic timekeeper. Send with confidence, as we refund cash if dissatisfied. Limited number only. Can be supplied with Chromium Milanese Bracelet usually sold at 3/6 for 9d. extra. Send at once to reap benefit of colossal advertising offer.

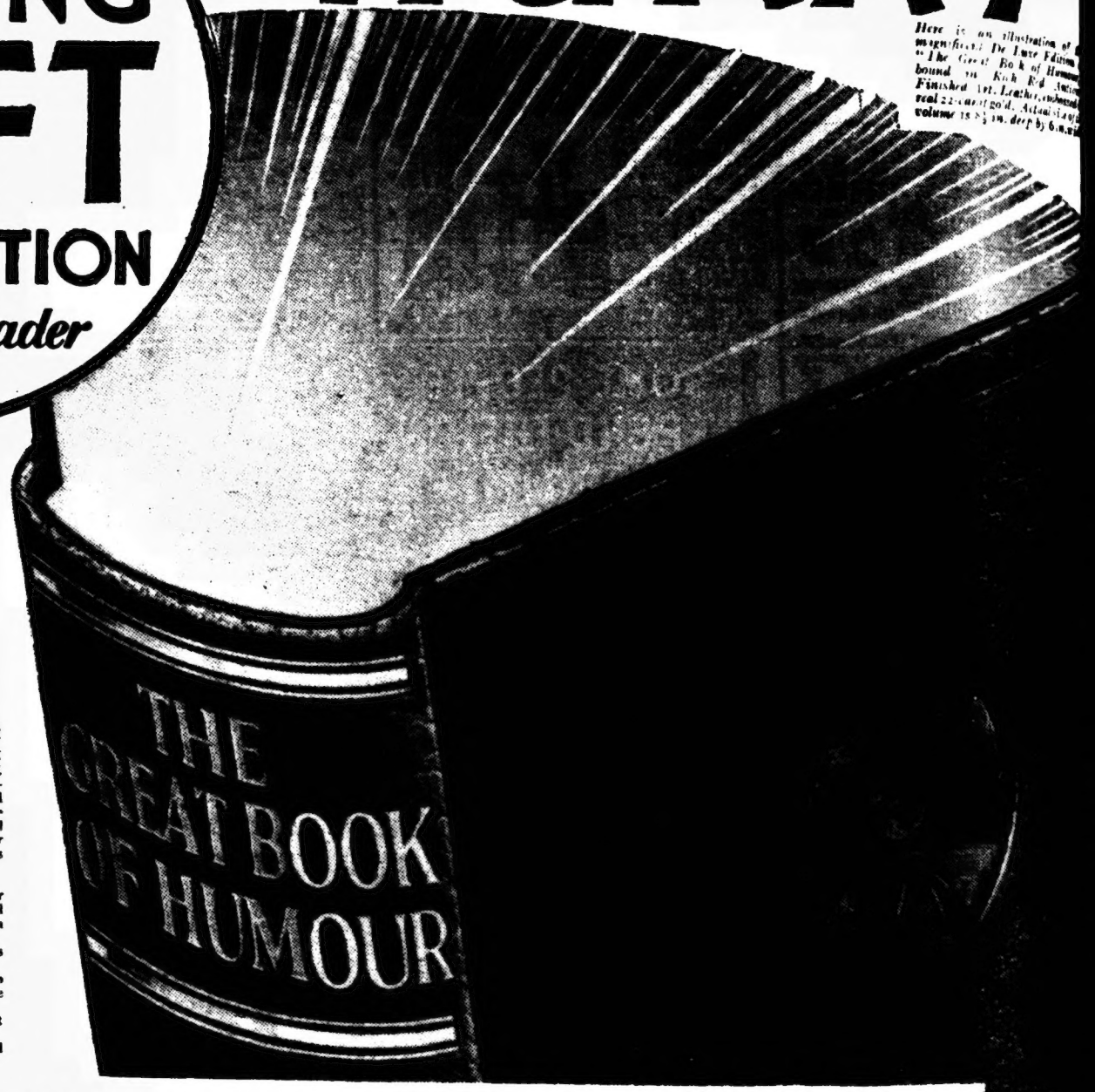
AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept B.W.J.2), 89, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

27/6 SHOCKPROOF LEVER WATCH REDUCED TO 3/6

POST 6d.

JOHN BULL'S AMAZING GIFT PRESENTATION to every Reader

HURRY



Here is an illustration of the magnificent De Luxe Edition of "The Great Book of Humour" bound in Rich Red Artificial Leather, Finished Art Leather, enhanced with real 22-carat gold. Actual size of volume 18½ in. deep by 6 in. wide.

HOW TO QUALIFY FOR YOUR VOLUME

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Without Fear or Favour

A CRY from the GRAVE

—The Boy who Died in Slavery

BRITAIN to-day is countenancing a form of slavery which cries out for abolition, although its victims are all young people who are inarticulate because they dare not protest, and have no Abraham Lincoln to whom they can appeal.

They are the boys and girls who for various sons—but often on the thinnest pretexts—have n confined for years in one kind of institution another, and who are then released on licence rivate employers in the hope that they may be trained and cared for t they will be fit to e their places in iety as good and cient citizens.

That is the theory the ideal, and it ld not but be com- nded if it was accom- nied by adequate pre- tions that the right e of guardian and ployer would be osen.

Too often, however, e people who so readily ree to provide homes d work for young per- s from institutions do only because they can w on a supply of the apest labour and ex- t it without serious of retribution.

Most girls who are free on probation out the age of seven- n from the institu- ns of this country are t to domestic service. ere is no difficulty in ding places for them. as the supply is from s source every year, e demand is greater; t, unfortunately, it is always charity and neficence that in- res the demand.

Mistresses, for in- nce, are thus able to e servants at ridiculously low wages, and if they ppen to be of the nigger-driving type they can k the girls to the limits of physical endurance, the time safe in the knowledge that they can k a whip which the servant dare not disobey.

This whip is the licence from the institution. the girl rebels she is merely told that the em- oyer will return it with an adverse report so at the girl will go back into captivity—possibly life. The dread threat is always effective. e young woman goes on suffering in the hope at one day she will gain her full freedom.

☆ ★ ☆

Boys and youths are usually sent to farmers, d very bad reports of the treatment some them receive and the conditions of work im- sed on them periodically reach JOHN BULL.

The climax in this state of boy slavery seems have been reached in the case of eighteen-year- Ronnie Berston, to whom death has brought lease from a life that makes any ordinary man being shudder.

Four years ago, Ronnie committed a first offence, and the magistrates ordered him to be detained in a reformatory. It was the wrong place to send the child, because he was not only backward, but on the border-line of mental deficiency.

On his seventeenth birthday, Ronnie was given a temporary discharge from the institution on condition that he entered farm service with an approved employer who, he was told, would conserve his health and interests and teach him to become an independent wage-earner.

He was sent to the farm of James Strachan, on Royal Deeside, in Aberdeenshire.

Strachan is a man who for many years has been an important figure in local affairs, and for his public work and private charities has more than once been honoured. No doubt because of this reputation the authorities were satisfied that he was a proper person to whom the care of reformatory boys could be entrusted. He took a number of them under his protection.

One, Ronnie, is now dead.

Before the boy was buried the police heard reports that his body was covered with bruises. They examined him in his coffin and found that it was so; but it is not suggested that these bruises or hæmorrhage which was found on the surface of the skull, or any ill-treatment brought about his death. The injuries were possibly caused by a number of falls which the boy had on the previous day from bouts of giddiness.

It was no wonder he was giddy and collapsed. His hours of work were from 5.15 a.m. to 11 p.m. —nearly eighteen hours a day in all, with a break of fifteen minutes for meals, and Strachan paid him at the rate of sixpence halfpenny per day, or just over a farthing per hour.

When the ordinary work of the farm was finished for the day there was still no rest for Ronnie. He was sent out from 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. to fell and chop firewood, and to pull turnips.

But he did not perform nearly enough work to satisfy the philanthropist, Strachan. Because he did not do so, he only got one-half of the food allowed to the other labourers at the farm.

Although the bruises and hæmorrhage had been explained by the falls, the police were not satisfied. All the other people at the farm could not or would not give any information. Still the police kept up the investigation and, after four months, have been able to prove that Strachan, the ostensible philanthropist, had in fact behaved like a brute to the boy.

During the seven months Ronnie had been in his care, Strachan had again and again, in the woods, in the fields, and in the farm buildings, mauled him with his fists, kicked him savagely and beaten him mercilessly with an ash stick.

Often the boy tottered and fell in the face of these onslaughts, and his screams of fear and agony were heard afar. Twelve times in four weeks, during the coldest month of the year, Strachan also held the boy head downwards in a water-trough and then on each occasion sent him to work all day in the fields in his soaked clothing.

☆ ★ ☆

Now Strachan, who pleaded guilty to all these things and tried to excuse himself on the grounds that he possesses an ungovernable temper, has been sent to prison for two months.

We will not comment on the sentence.

Will the cry of Ronnie Berston be heard? The story of the methods by which the institutions of this country are filled with young people, and far too frequently the fate of these boys and girls when they leave them, is one of the most unpleasant pages in the social history of to-day.

Members of Parliament have so far preferred not to believe or to face the truth.

Can they still their consciences any longer, in face of the case of Ronnie Berston?

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

The Old School Tie in the New Air Force

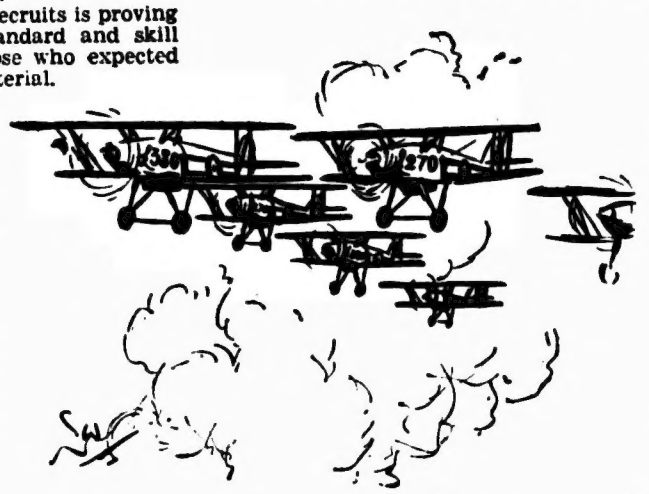
Play Streets Not Enough!

Married Men: Boys' Wages

IT was only to be expected that the scheme for the expansion of the Royal Air Force would pass through its first stages without serious hindrance.

The supply of recruits is proving adequate and their standard and skill has surprised even those who expected a flow of first-class material.

Rightly or wrongly, however, a suspicion has been created that class distinction is being emphasised in the selection and appointment of the 2,500 additional pilots.



"Same job, different pay" will be the result of the "old school tie test" in the new Air Force

The difference

It has no doubt arisen because the authorities have seen fit to make more pronounced the dubious system of dividing pilots into two social grades.

One, simply known as "pilots," is to be composed of officers who will be paid at the rate of £380 yearly after twelve months' service and given a gratuity on discharge of £100 for each year of service.

The other is somewhat absurdly described as "airmen pilots," who are to receive £110 a year less than the commissioned rank and a gratuity of only £25 per year of service.

Yet, in the air, the duties of both classes of pilots will be similar.

Schools caste

The disturbing feature is that the lowlier airmen pilots will be young men "of secondary-school education."

Therein lies the limit of the stressing of class difference in the enlargement of the youngest but, perhaps, most vital branch of the Services.

It is feared that the higher-paid commissioned appointments are intended to be reserved for young men from the so-called public schools.

Sooner or later, this separation of men performing the same work will be found wrong in principle and practice.

A secondary-school boy is likely to prove as efficient and courageous in the air as his fellow with a costlier but not necessarily superior education.

Level out

This accentuation of rank seems to be particularly unfortunate, because it is being made at a time when the belief is becoming strong among those with the closest knowledge of the progress of aviation that there is no need for pilots, as such, to be officers.

The experts recognise that the glamour, heroism, nerve and resource once properly associated with the piloting of an aeroplane are now largely imaginary.

Worth consideration

They believe that the measure of endurance and strain is, in any case, now no greater than that demanded from an omnibus driver in a busy city, and that commissions in the R.A.F. should only now be granted to men with the highest technical skill and responsibilities.

The theory is worth consideration if it will only remove the suggestion of a new snobbery.

Cut to ribbons

We emphatically disagree with those peers who are obstructing the Prevention of Ribbon-building Bill.

Not content with the Government's delay in introducing the measure—delay which has enabled speculators to ruin further stretches of country and make big profits in the process—they are trying to cut the Bill itself to ribbons.

We trust the Government will not tolerate such opposition from its rank-and-file when the Bill reaches the Commons.

Too long

Nor are we favourably impressed by the news that it will take eight months to sift the evidence about children's homework. The official enquiry, which JOHN BULL was the first to demand, has just been completed.

"Now the Board of Education is faced with the gigantic task of deciding what steps are to be taken," says an official.

It is well known that too much homework has a bad effect on children's health, and we see nothing gigantic about reducing it. And if Authority takes so long to decide a minor domestic matter, what hope is there of obtaining disarmament within the next century?

Safety for children

We are glad, though, that something is to be done at last to lower the appalling toll of road accidents to children.

In an effort to stop the daily slaughter of the Innocents, London is experimenting with "play streets." This system of barring the streets to traffic so that children can play with safety has certainly been a success in Salford.

But it will prove a thoroughly bad system, in our opinion, if the closing of slum streets comes to be regarded as a substitute for the provision of proper playing grounds.

What they need

We believe the London County Council is right in stressing the need for more elementary school playgrounds to be used for games out of school hours. Another excellent suggestion it will soon discuss is "attractive organised recreation" for youngsters in their leisure hours.

Above all, there should be more and better instruction on road dangers given in the schools. And, we might add, in the home. Far too many parents allow their children to play in the road even in districts where safer playgrounds are available.

Disgraceful

Still more deplorable is the attitude of those school authorities who resent having to give safety instruction. The time taken up by such talks, they whine, should be given to "education."

Apparently they haven't the wits to realise that an essential part of education is to teach children how to live.

Nation-wide effort

Once again we must demand a nation-wide campaign to lessen the terrible casualty list of the roads and particularly to save the children.

The fact that many thousands of youngsters are killed or injured each year should be sufficient to awaken the local authorities from their long slumbers. If necessary, they should be forced by the Ministry of Transport to show far more energetic appreciation of their duties in this direction.

And, as we have indicated, every parent should do his or her best as well.

Inviting contagion

And though the authorities are supposed to be fighting tuberculosis might and main, official figures tell a very different story.

Of the 8,237 sufferers on the registers of the Staffordshire, Wolverhampton and Dudley Committee, only 30 per cent. have their own bedrooms, 49 per cent. their own beds, while eleven out of every hundred sleep three or more in a bed.

This damnable state of affairs is surely perilous for the patients and their bedmates alike.

Bright news

Still, the £26,000 worth of radium which will soon reach Oxford University will be one of the brightest spots in a dark world.

It has been lent to us for three years by the Czecho-Slovakian Government free of charge to aid research.

There are people who think that the ideal of a world in which nation would help nation is unattainable. Such things as this provide the best answer to the cynics.

Boys' wages for men

Though the refusal of the Ministry of Health to subsidise low wages in the cotton industry by the granting of poor relief is probably sound enough in theory, in practice this is another matter.

For in many mills married men are working full time for boys' wages, rather than remain idle.

Others are accepting less than they would obtain on the "dole" because they realise that if they asked for more the owners would be compelled to close down.

Strange difference

In these circumstances the Ministry's "appreciation of the spirit of the men" strikes an unpleasant note of i cerity.

And it seems more than strange no objections are raised when sa companies hold out their caps for lions of public money.

The Fragrant Minute.

WARMTH OF WORDS

THERE is a Chinese saying—so I have heard—"Three winter months can be well warmed by one kind word." A proverb to remember, each day, each week, that we can warm December by words we speak!

What mighty pow'r the tongue has—to warm or chill. And it can be a dagger, to hurt or kill. A kindly word may prove a fire, when there is snow. A fire to which a frozen heart for warmth can go.

Ah! one kind word can warm three months—just think of it! Who wouldn't teach one's tongue to blend love, cheer and wit? One kindly word might cure for aye despair and fear; and warm, with its far-reaching flame, the soul's bleak year.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor JOHN BULL.

Perils below

Down in a South Wales mine the are going to work each day fe there is a stray unexploded deto somewhere in the pit which may them to eternity if a pick acciden strikes it.

Some weeks ago a box supposed contain five was taken down. Four exploded, and doubt has arisen whether there were actually four o in the box.

The Minister of Mines has m manded the mineowners for such l in checking explosives. But a s search of the mine has not revealed missing detonator.

Postmen and pirates

We fancy that Sir Kingsley Wood please the public as well as postme his latest order. Postmen will no l have to act as wireless spies and re householders whom they suspect having radio sets without licences.

The next move is up to the pir though perhaps it is too much to ex them to respond to this admirable ture. People who obtain entertain every day of the year at the expen their neighbours can have precious honour in their make-up.

Taking the roof off

Complaints still reach us about failure of local councils to pr accommodation for slum dwellers w homes are being demolished.

The latest comes from Tyneme where part of the roof has been t off houses which are still occupied. tenant has had his bedclothes dren by the rain, yet cannot find altern accommodation.

Is the council trying to kill off slum dwellers so that new houses not be built for them?

Dangers of peace

There is no need to tell the p of Rastrick, Yorks, about the peri war. They have them already—in bullets from an Army rifle range fly across a public road.

The military authorities say the are small. We are quite willing t lieve this assertion if the Army Co undertakes to picnic by that road during machine-gun practice.

Should the old retire?

A local bother which has nat interest centres round the propos retain a Derbyshire headmaster be the age of sixty-five.

An alderman on the county educ committee, pointing out that there 7,000 teachers without work, pro that superannuation is designed to young people a chance by allowing men to retire.

He is right, of course. There some elderly men in high pos whose services are still needed, bu see no reason why school teachers to retire should be allowed to younger men out of jobs.

Simple remedy

Another familiar scandal is the working of lorry drivers, though can now be stopped by withdrawing licences of offending employers.

Mr. A. T. James, K.C., the t traffic commissioner, has been em sising that fact. Well, one of the recent cases of sweating concer Welsh employer.

A lorry driver has told the New Court that he works ten or eleven h a day for a wage of 15s. a week an "pocket-money."

Isn't the remedy obvious?

Large numbers of employers find various reasons for setting themselves up as dictators over their workers' matrimonial future. Can it be in the interests of the State to ban healthy young people from marrying and having children?

Thou Shalt not Marry—YOUNG!

by Ellen Wilkinson

BRITAIN is the only country in Europe which allows the official discouragement of the marriage of its best citizens at the most vigorous period of their lives—and the ban is widening.

This statement is surprising, but easy to prove. Even before the war, banks made it virtually a condition of employment that, except in special circumstances, and special permission very difficult to obtain, employees should not marry until they had reached a certain level of income.

The Army, because it had no desire to increase the married quarters, frowned on the marriage of young soldiers "off the strength"—that is beyond the number officially arranged for. Of later years the habit has spread to many private firms, particularly for those employees handling cash, or in positions of trust.

An increasing number of local authorities now make similar conditions, not only for their industrial staff, but for their teachers, technicians, and those for whom "a certain standard of life is regarded as essential to their efficiency."

I recently interviewed the manager of an insurance company that does a well-established business in fidelity bonds for employees in positions of trust.

"I do not think it will arise," he said diplomatically, "to talk about marriage bans. But obviously for the employee's own good, it is not wise that he should have to handle considerable sums of money or have such under his part control, if he has a wife and perhaps a child, and, say, only two or three pounds a week to keep his house going. It is asking for trouble."

☆ ☆ ☆

"Then why not pay him his maximum salary at an earlier age?" I asked.

"That is not my affair. I am only concerned with the conditions under which his fidelity bond is likely to be forfeited."

A very large firm in the Midlands, with a world-wide reputation, goes even further than fixing the amount of wage at which the employee should consider matrimony. By discreet hints, powerful as threats of dismissal, it indicates those parts of the town which it considers "suitable" for the employees of Messrs. ——, Ltd." As a natural consequence, rents are pretty high there, and even when the prescribed wage is reached, many employees have to wait longer before they can get a house in the favoured area where they can afford.

The State, for its established civil servants, recognises its responsibilities. An extra increment is given at the years 24 and 25 for those who come under the Whitley wage-for-age scales. But the employers, whether private or municipal, who enforce the ban prefer to cut the cradle to suit the wage.

The Imperial Social Hygiene Council has now recognised the growing evil as sufficiently widespread to warrant the appointment of a committee to present a report "on artificial barriers to early marriage and their anti-social effects" at its forthcoming congress.

Reports, at their best, can produce statistics. They can give valuable facts and figures. But the essence of this problem lies in the tears that no one sees—in the citizens that will not be there when the State, or the Church or the teaching profession need them later on.

No one tries to prevent the overworked, underfed woman on the "dole" from producing yet another tiny mouth that can barely be fed. Indeed, until very recently, public officials of years of service were dismissed without pension for giving her the elementary facts about herself that might help the poor mother grown desperate under her heavy load.

The State will not give her more than 35s. (if that is the average wage for unskilled labour in the area), though she may have twelve children to keep. Higher up in the scale, employers ban the marriage of men with £4 a week to keep one.

"A certain standard of living" is required. But is that in the best interests of the State?

Take the case of Mr. J. G. (not a fictitious case). He is a fine tennis-playing youngster of twenty-two. He has been engaged now for five months to an equally athletic young woman. Under the terms of his employment he will not be allowed to marry until he is twenty-eight if he is lucky.

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He may not reach the prescribed minimum till thirty, if anything should slow down his annual increase—eight years' engagement for two people who would be ideal parents from the point of view of the country!

They know that if they married at twenty-two they would only be able to live in a very modest way, but J. G. feels that would be half the fun. He is willing, anxious, now to make the sacrifices for his girl and his home. Will he be after eight years of bachelor life—and will she?

Two friends of my own, one the assistant manager of a retail store, she its best paid buyer. Both brainy, both finely athletic. They were engaged ten years ago. He has reached his firm's marriage salary some time now, but after seven years' "understanding," she found the life she had built, with its independent income and freedom, very pleasant—and a fiancé always around when she wants him. Neither would bother to make the effort now that children entail, and the community is the loser.

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For with the loosening of the rigid moral standards of fifty years ago, children are the only luxury that need be sacrificed. Engaged couples spend week-ends together, all their holidays, without parents raising any objection. Many a large town has its teachers and clerks who live a long way from their work, in order to live quietly together without going through the actual ceremony that would mean the woman losing her job, and severe reprimand and perhaps even dismissal for the man who had transgressed the marriage-salary bar.

All that the municipality or other employer has gained in such a case is that the young couple live in fear of being found out—unless an elderly and respectable relative adds a protective aura to the establishment—and that they take great care not to have children. The State is the loser.

A town clerk of a big Midlands municipality which enforces the marriage income limit on its salariat and teachers was arguing this out with a group when I was present. "After all," he said with a shrug, "even if we do delay married responsibilities till a man can afford to pay for them, the women will see he gets married then."

But this cuts both ways. It is really curious how we are increasing the inducements for both men and women of the middle class to remain single. Last century the tide was all the other way. The possibilities of a woman earning her living were so few, and at such ill-paid and often humiliating jobs, that a woman would go to any lengths to avoid such a fate as awaited the "old maid" who was the butt of every music-hall joke.

But to-day, who laughs at the bachelor woman with her training, her responsible job, her freedom from housework? She, not the wife, is the object of envy.

In the same way, the man who till his thirties has lived the easy, casual life of the modern bachelor begins to count the sacrifice that home and babies entail.

But the most curious thing is the way that public opinion is hardening against the idea of early marriage. When recently an actress of nineteen years in the height of her success was photographed with a lovely baby, lots of people said, "What a pity she did not wait."

Yet no psychologist would deny that part of her success as an emotional actress was certainly due to that experience of life.

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In the days when a State primarily wanted its citizens for cannon fodder, only the number really mattered. But in these bewildering days, with their rapid changes in technique, their piling social problems, that State will win out best which has the most A1 quality citizens.

I do not believe that such citizens are the product of any one class in the community; but it seems to me obvious that the community suffers if thousands of citizens, who have not been overdriven and overworked in their youth, who have reached a secondary school standard of education, who are willing to make the sacrifices that a modest home entails, should be discouraged to set up that home early.

And if someone in wrath writes to say to me, "You know nothing about it," I can retort with truth that I know the comfort that comes from not having to bother—and I gaze with awe and admiration at my friends who are willing to make all the sacrifices that children entail in this worrying world.

WHO SHALL

ON the surface, the French crisis is about the gold standard and the Budget. Under the surface the issue is whether the Government or the Bank is to rule France.

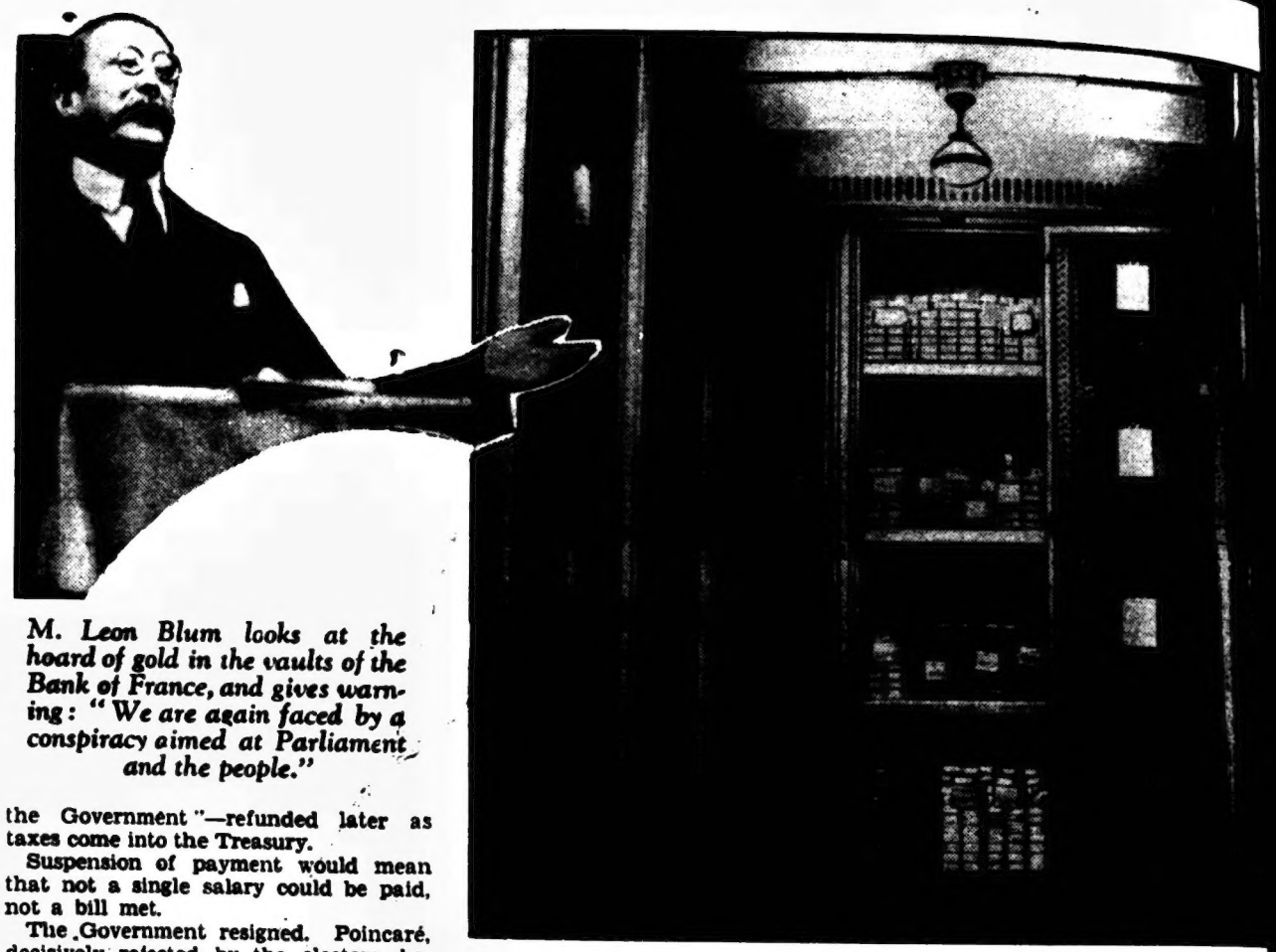
It was Napoleon Bonaparte, First Consul of the French Republic—three years later Emperor of the French—who founded the Bank of France in the year 1800.

He little dreamt that he was creating a private corporation which would one day issue orders to Governments, make and break Ministries, and dictate the policy of a Third French Republic.

He thought, probably quite rightly, that a Bank of France, modelled on the Bank of England, would be a useful institution for the young Republic.

Also, he apparently thought it might be useful to him.

Anyway, he was one of the original shareholders. So was Madame Bonaparte (soon to be the Empress Josephine). So was her brother Eugene Beauharnais. And the other two Consuls. And General Murat. And others of his closest friends.



M. Leon Blum looks at the hoard of gold in the vaults of the Bank of France, and gives warning: "We are again faced by a conspiracy aimed at Parliament and the people."

Bankers furious

That was the beginning of the powerful body whose challenge to the constitutional Government is the real cause of the French crisis to-day.

It is not the first time that the Bank and the Government have clashed. Last time the Bank won hands down.

In 1924 the French electors turned out Poincaré, then Premier. Radicals and Socialists and "Left" Parties generally got a handsome majority. There was a Radical Government. The bankers were furious and frightened.

Times were different. Poincaré's Ruhr adventure had made havoc. The franc was slumping. There was a heavy Budget deficit.

The Government tried to grapple with the situation. It got no help from the Bank. By 1926 things were desperate. The Government prepared a plan. New taxation, big economies.

But the Government needed time and temporary help. The Bank refused it.

Caillaux, Finance Minister, turned to London. asked for a temporary loan of £20.000,000.

His emissary interviewed the chairman of one of the big London banks.

"Delighted to help our friends the French," said the English banker, "But not M Caillaux. To a Ministry of the Right, yes, certainly. To Caillaux, definitely No!"

Then the Bank of France struck. The Governor sent the Government an ultimatum.

Unless it resigned the Bank "will be forced to consider suspension of payments for the account of the Government."

Under the French system the ordinary day-to-day Government payments are made by the Bank "for the account of the Government"—refunded later as taxes come into the Treasury.

Suspension of payment would mean that not a single salary could be paid, not a bill met.

The Government resigned. Poincaré, decisively rejected by the electors, became Premier again by order of the Bank. At once every facility, every support was given. The franc, which had been allowed to slump, was steadied. Time was given to balance the Budget.

Poincaré was hailed as a financial wizard and the saviour of France. That was all nonsense. All that had happened was that the Bank of France—with the other great banks behind it—had made a crisis and changed a Government in order that it should be Poincaré, not Caillaux, who got the credit.

Caillaux feared

Also, in order that the job of stabilising the franc and balancing the Budget should be done with due regard to their interests. They were afraid of what Caillaux might do in the way of taxation on wealth; they knew Poincaré would do as he was told. He and they began by pushing the franc exchange up from 240 to the £ to 120 to the £ and fixing it there. That "deflation" did French industry no good, but it was worth many millions to the banks and the moneylenders and the "rentiers."

That was nine years ago. Now the whole thing has been happening all over again.

France for a year or two has been drifting very rapidly towards a new financial crisis. All the attempts to stop the drift have been futile. Governments have been feeble. The Bank has been unhelpful.

There are many who say that the Bank has been deliberately unhelpful: that the directors have been complacently watching things go from bad to worse, waiting for the crisis when they could again issue an ultimatum, put their nominees in charge, and perhaps get rid of this irritating institution of democracy which constantly threatens them with its Radical and even Socialist "menaces."

Maybe. Certainly the Bank policy has not been helpful.

When, rather later than most countries, France began to feel the effects of the world crisis, the Bank seemed to have only one idea.

At all costs, whatever happened, France, having got back on to the gold standard, must be kept there. "The franc must be defended"—which really meant that the interests of creditors must be protected, whatever the consequences to industry and the workers.

Battle of gold

Britain "went off gold" and avoided economic breakdown. America did the same. But France, at the order of the Bank, stuck obstinately to gold, gathered allies round her, fought the "battle of the standard" at the World Economic Conference.

The gold standard, the acquisition of gold, the piling up of more and more ingots in the vaults of the Bank became an obsession. Nothing else seemed to matter. Gold, and more gold, and more gold, so that the franc could be "defended" against all "attacks."

At the beginning of 1930 the Bank of France had 42 milliards—42,000,0 francs worth of gold in its vaults.

At the beginning of 1932 it 68,000,000,000.

At the beginning of 1933 it 83,000,000,000.

At the beginning of 1934 it had a little: the hoard was dow 77,000,000,000.

At the beginning of this year it up again to 82,000,000,000.

That is well over £1.000.000,000. T of it: over a thousand million po sterling in gold in the vaults of Bank of France.

If gold could give security, the f cial stability of France should have unshakable.

Falling revenue

But gold does not give security. thousand millions might just as have been a 100 millions. Acc lating the other 900.000.000 has sheer waste. And it has been a te burden on French industry, which been deliberately starved of money credit so that the Bank vaults cou filled to bursting with useless ingo

That is one side of the picture. the gold has been piling up, the econ life of France has been slowing do

The other thing that has been pening is that year after year Go ments have been unable to balanc Budget.

As the economic crisis has devel revenue has fallen off.

Governments, afraid to put more on wealth, afraid even to collect ex taxes efficiently, though tax-evasion notorious as to be a standing jest, desperately to balance Budgets by ing economies.

Salaries and wages, social services pensions, have been cut and cut. as fast as they have been cut, exp ture on armaments has crept up. all of it has been shown on the Bu accounts. It has been "extraordi expenditure": but it has been t none the less.

So that the "paper deficit" has

BRAVE HEARTS

"HE never lost heart," said a recent newspaper report of a brave boy scout who died after enduring years of suffering without a whimper, and who was awarded a special posthumous decoration for his fortitude.

What a tribute those simple words can represent! And yet, if only we realised it, there are to be found people in every street in the land, in big houses and small alike, who if they are not keeping a stiff upper lip in adversity are at least doing the next best thing and trying.

There is the case of a Leeds family, brought to our notice recently.

For eight years the husband has been a semi-invalid, unable to work because of his illness. Ordinary unemployment due to lack of opportunity is bad enough, but how much worse is it when there is medical attention to be paid for, and the best offer of a job in the world can mean nothing?

Yet, throughout those black years that little family faced life proudly and bravely, holding on fast to the home they had built up in their more prosperous days.

Then tragedy befell that, too. Tongues of fire leapt through their house.

That sick husband, that little family, had the mortification of seeing the furniture and belongings they had held on to under difficulties destroyed before their very eyes. Did they lose courage then?

"I seemed to lose heart altogether," the wife wrote to JOHN BULL. But the fact remains that neither she nor the family did, as it proved.

For without trouble, without fuss, we sent them a cheque in respect of the damage to their own property, all because they had qualified for the protection of our unique free insurance scheme by signing the coupon that is reprinted on page 2.

We call it "the little form that makes all the difference." Can you wonder at it? Turn to page 2 now and inspect it for yourself. It may make all the difference to *your* life, one day.

RULE FRANCE?

The Truth Behind the Franc Crisis

bing—the real deficit quite another. ear ago it was triumphantly an- ced that the Budget had been nced at last. This year it was unced that the deficit was only t £9,000,000.

d then the truth came out. Léon , the Socialist Leader, challenged ermain-Martin, the Finance Minis- o deny that the real deficit, the sum the Treasury must somehow find this year over and above existing revenue, was not £9,000,000, but more like £150,000,000. And M. Germain-Martin could not deny it.

Here was the mess into which France had been led by the obstinacy of the banks, the weakness of successive Governments, and the passionate belief in the hoarding of gold.

The policy of the Bank was ruining France. M. Flandin began to realise it, decided to fight the Bank. He saw that, unless France, with £1,000,000,000 of gold in the Bank vaults, was to be forced off the gold standard as irresistibly as though she had none, the Bank must change its policy.

It must stop hoarding. It must give industry and trade a chance to revive by using its hoard. It must lend more freely and more cheaply.

The Governor of the Bank is a nominee of the Government. M. Flandin forced M. Muret to resign, put in his place M. Tannery, with instructions to pursue a cheap money policy.

But nothing happened. The new Governor, ringed round by "Conservative" directors and "Conservative" officials, was powerless. The other big banks, whose co-operation was essential, gave none.

Industry, said the bankers, must revive itself without more money or cheaper credit. Trade must be restored by lowering prices. Prices must be lowered by cutting costs—in other words, by cutting wages.

Budgets must be balanced by more and more cutting of salaries and services and pensions.

The standard of living must come down. Anything and everything. Only the revenue of the banks and the rentiers must be safeguarded, alike against inflation or taxation.

The process went on. Growls of discontent came from the workers. Industrialists began to talk of going off gold, of devaluing the franc as the only remedy.

M. Germain-Martin, Finance Minister under M. Flandin, sees the crowds flocking to draw gold from the bank. The panic has begun, he is powerless—but the bankers merely wait until their inaction brings about the fall of the Government—and the failure of a policy that would menace their power.

Unchecked

Crisis began to loom very menacingly. Yet there was no need for crisis. Even a deficit of £150,000,000 is not insuperable for a country as rich as France, and with big untouched resources of taxation. Bold budgeting, a bold policy of expansion, would solve the problem.

But the storm broke none the less. And there is little doubt that it was the bankers and their allies who unloosed it. The swing of public opinion to the Left, the demand for a liberal financial policy, the demand for legislation to coerce the Bank was to be checked somehow. And panic was the obvious way.

On Sunday, May 12, the municipal elections showed big Socialist gains. The country was voicing its wishes.

On Monday, May 13, the run on gold started. 200,000,000 francs were withdrawn: not by frightened "small investors," but by big men. You cannot buy an ingot for less than about £3,000!

It was, in fact, a fleabite. 200 millions out of 80,000 millions.

Did the bankers, as M. Blum charges, deliberately start the run?

Certainly they did nothing to check it. The Bank-rate was raised from 2½ per cent. to 3 per cent., to 4 per cent., to 6 per cent.

All experience shows that in such a juncture, raising the Bank-rate does nothing to check a run. It serves not to check panic, but to increase it. For it is taken as, in itself, a sign of panic in high quarters. Raising the Bank-rate gave the signal. The rush for gold grew. In a week 3,000,000 francs—nearly £50,000,000—had gone out of the vaults of the Bank of France, either abroad or into private keeping

It sounds terrific. But even with 3,000,000,000 francs gone there was still 79,000,000,000 left—still nearly double the reserve that was quite sufficient for "stability" five years ago: still more than double the amount the law requires.

Cuts—and cuts

A fake panic had been started. Political crisis came swiftly in its train.

The remedy, cried the spokesmen of the banks, must be dictatorship: dictatorial powers for the Government to carry out the orders of the directors of the Bank of France.

The threat of 1926 began to be murmured again.

Either the Government must obey orders or the Bank would refuse to make payments on Government account: the whole machinery of government would be brought to a standstill for lack of funds

Parliament must give, and the Government must use, dictatorial powers. There must be no more talk of devaluation, no more talk of expansion. There must be cuts and more cuts and again cuts—except in expenditure on armaments.

Wages must come down: standard of living must come down. Whatever the cost, the franc must be "saved," the sacred gold hoard must be guarded, the vanished gold be lured back into the vaults.

Unhappy M. Flandin, sick and unfit to fight, yielded. His Finance Minister, M. Germain-Martin, faithful devotee of the bankers' creed, had his way.

The Government asked the Chamber for dictatorial powers.

Léon Blum gave warning again of what was afoot.

"We are once again faced by a veritable conspiracy, aimed against the Government itself, against Parliament, against the sovereign will of the people."

Real issue

Sick M. Flandin, rigid M. Germain-Martin, would not listen. They knew of the threat behind the demands of the Bank.

They persisted in asking for their dictatorial powers.

The Chamber, scenting danger, scenting financial Fascism in the background, jealous for its own prerogatives, refused. Flandin resigned.

And so it all began.

But whatever comes of it at the moment the real issue has come to the surface.

Who is to settle the economic and financial policy of France? Is it the Government and Parliament, or is it the directors and the shareholders of the Bank which Napoleon founded 135 years ago?

Two days before Flandin fell, the French Socialist Party decided to introduce a Bill empowering the Government to nationalise the Bank by compulsory purchase of all its shares.

That marks the opening of the most decisive and toughest struggle in the history of the Third Republic.

Smiles in Demand

There is a record-breaking demand for JOHN BULL'S Great Gift Presentation, "The Great Book of Humour." It is the book of 10,000 smiles. Hurry! Apply for your copy on the Forms on pages 4 and 5 before it is too late.

Hanner Swaffer's *Open Letter to* LORD TREDEGAR

You will WIN NEXT Time

DEAR LORD TREDEGAR,—Although, unfortunately, I cannot congratulate you upon having got your Bill to prevent the cruel killing of rabbits in traps through the House of Lords, you are at least to be congratulated on the fact that, if only for one afternoon, you woke the House of Lords up from its long sleep.

Indeed, the debate which you opened drew to the Upper Chamber nearly a hundred Peers, a larger crowd than is usually drawn there, even when matters of high international importance are discussed!

You see, the rights of landed property were again involved and therefore the backwoodsmen, faithful to Privilege, came along and opposed you. So by 46 votes to 43 you lost—and the cruel trapping of rabbits is to go on.

* * *

I was particularly struck, in seeing the division list, to notice the high proportion of newly-created Peers who voted on your side.

Generally speaking, those on the other side were Peers bearing titles of long establishment. That, I should expect. Those supporters of yours are not of the landed class.

Now, as I see it, your claim was the argument of a modern man who faced boldly the fact that something was cruel, and that, therefore, it had to go. Generally speaking, on the other side, there were objections to the kind that, in the past, have kept back reform for many years.

You mentioned yourself the slave trade, which the bishops supported for a long time; the sweating of children in cotton factories, against which Lord Shaftesbury fought for so long; the abolition of gin-traps for human beings—you would not believe it, but that did not happen till 1827—the abolition of the sweep's boy; and, more recently, the caging of wild birds.

On every occasion that these matters came before the House of Lords it was argued that reform interfered with the rights of Property. On May 1, 1827, when the United Master Chimney Sweepers' Association dined, the Chairman said, "*If chimney boys are to be prohibited, the public will never be safe from fire.*"

Now you made the extraordinary statement that 1,800,000 birds are caught in gin-traps in England every year, 124,000 cats and 36,000,000 rabbits!

"I rise to speak for that which cannot speak for itself," you said. "I rise to plead the cause of the humble rabbit and other creatures, the little fauna which are caught in the gin-traps . . . The gin is not the means of keeping down rabbits. It is used for the commercial exploitation of rabbits . . . The widespread use of the skilled gin-trap is to be traced to the value of the skins rather than to the desire for permanent eradication."

People who live in towns do not realise the cruelty of the countryside. They see nice pictures in the papers of sportsmen going shooting, and never give a thought to the many thousands of partridges and pheasants which die slow deaths in the woods, where, wounded, they have crept to die.

Nor do they realise, when they eat a wild rabbit, that the odds are it has been caught in a cruel trap, in which for hours it has given a cry like a hurt child. Nor, indeed, when people eat meat, do they understand that, as a rule, the animal whose flesh they are eating has been killed in cruel circumstances because there is still a prejudice against the humane killer. Only recently the House of Commons refused to pass a Bill to make this humane killer compulsory!

Yes, to catch wild rabbits, so that they can sell the skins for women's attire and the flesh for human consumption, landowners and farmers put down, all over the country, steel traps which catch a lot of things.

You yourself spoke of how you had known pheasants to be caught in the rabbit traps, besides woodcock and snipe, how you had known a cow to be caught by the lip and a duck thro the bill, how you had seen blackb and thrushes, foxes and cats entrap yes, and hounds, and seen, in a trap set for hawks, a green woodpec

You quoted a letter sent you b fishery officer who, only a few Sund ago, saw, on a Pembrokeshire farm, fewer than fourteen gin-traps in eac which there was a portion of a rab body or a piece of leg fast in the of the trap! That meant that the ra had got away maimed. In Some this same fishery officer had kn cattle and horses caught in the t set for rabbits, innumerable d children, and, in some cases, trappers themselves!

"I tremble to think what could come of agriculture if these traps prohibited," said Lord Ilchester, mo the rejection of your Bill. "No stitute has been found for them. Bill is based on idealism and illus It is an insidious attack on the perfe legitimate field sports of England."

His Lordship must have been ter shocked to find the House of Lords cussing anything that was idealistic, is unusual, anyway. . . .

* * *

Now, rabbits are said to be a men That is one reason why the gin-tra used. On the other hand, the Dep ment of Agriculture of New South W has declared that landowners bent the eradication of rabbits do not steel traps. A trapper working fo living does not exterminate the rab It would not pay him to do so.

Then this Government departm went on to recommend calcium cya which gives out cyno gas, as the fumigant. You yourself have trie and found it both satisfactory and p less.

"Agriculture would be far too ha hit," declared Lord Ilchester.

Surely we must understand that e reform hits somebody. If you ab capital punishment, it would be bad hangmen, who would not get their If you abolished disease, it wouldn the doctors any good. If, by a mir we could end all crime, warders w be out of work.

You rendered, the other day, a g service to the country. You made admirable speech. You lost. But I ture to prophesy that the next t your Bill comes before the House will pass.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

The MARKETS DEPARTMENT,
Oldham

SIRS,—Here is something you can't censor:

You are displaying both bigotry and cowardice by banning the sale of Labour Party pamphlets on agriculture and finance, a T.U.C. booklet entitled "No More War," and various other publications that do not agree with your own political views.

I should say the same if your petulant spite were directed against Conservative or Liberal politics, and I must ask by what right you are exercising a form of autocracy which no British Government dare attempt?

JOHN BULL.

The COUNCIL,
British Medical Association

GENTLEMEN,—Within the next two months you will decide whether to strike off those doctors who supply cheap medical services through the Medical Aid Society.

But in view of the indignation your threat has already aroused I advise you to let sleeping dogs lie.

By the way, do you also frown on the fashionable physicians who get fat fees for pandering to wealthy old ladies whose ailments are mostly imaginary?

JOHN BULL.

LORD RUNCIMAN,
Jesmond, Northumberland

MY LORD,—You have given a magnificent gift to stricken Tyneside by ordering a second cargo ship as soon as the *Kirriemoor* is finished—both being bought at a cost of £200,000 out of your personal resources to provide work for the unemployed.

There is no immediate prospect of finding work for the ships. But I hope that they, and the fine fellows who are building them, will prove to be never idle.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. W. B. COCKILL,
Medical Officer, South Westmorland

DEAR DOCTOR,—I dislike your objection to the closing of schools during fever epidemics.

Keeping them open, in your opinion, provides the only chance of "tracing disease and following it up."

You might as well say that when the whole population is afflicted you know exactly where you are!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON,
London County Council

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—You deserve the warmest congratulations for granting £2,000 towards the acquisition of Whippendell Woods, near Watford, for their preservation as an open space.

This is the first contribution towards the great scheme of a Green Belt round London, the achievement of which will be one of the finest monuments to any public body.

In that task, I need hardly say, you have the best wishes of

JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM BRASS, M.P.,
The Albany, London, W.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—So you want the police to sally forth with loud-speakers and through them shout their orders and criticisms at offenders against the highway code!

I am afraid that would upset more good motorists than careless ones.

And even if the Anti-Noise League had nothing to say about another addition to the traffic uproar, I should.

JOHN BULL.

Col. CROOKSHANK, M.P. for Bootle: "Bootle has lost prestige at Westminster," your excuse for not standing at next election. Won't your desertion make you lose prestige at Bootle?—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. PERKINS,
Canning Town Art Exhibition

DEAR MADAM,—Pictures by Canning Town men and women are hung in your exhibition side by side with famous masterpieces on loan from the great galleries—an idea that is both new and interesting.

I should like to see such encouragement given to working people in every city and thus discover talent which otherwise might remain hidden.

JOHN BULL.

The GENERAL ASSEMBLY,
Church of Scotland

GENTLEMEN,—When you were asked at your Edinburgh Conference to issue some advice to young people about the habit of smoking, one of your members thought you should be very circumspect. "For," he said, "you have provided a smoking room upstairs, and there should be some consistency."

Yes, and I'll wager that the very human laughter which followed has been appreciated by young people m more than any censure would have d

JOHN BU

Mr. J. W. SIMPSON,
Sec. National Electrical Convention

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to hear efforts are to be made to end the tricity chaos by a special committee Convention is appointing.

In a recent series of articles I tol the muddle caused by the great di ences in charges and voltages. Ad ting this, you add, "The public is wildered."

And exasperated!

JOHN BU

Mr. ELLIS LLOYD,
Coroner for Ogmore Vale

DEAR MR. LLOYD,—Discovering the body of a woman had been convey from her home to a post-mortem es lishment in a coal lorry, you have ta steps to ensure that there will be repetition of such a scandalous callous affair.

Thank you for dealing so prom with the matter.

JOHN BU

Mr. T. BRADDOCK,
Surrey County Council

DEAR SIR,—The nursing staffs of council's mental hospitals and o institutions work twelve hours a Your plea for a 48-hour week has rejected.

What is wrong with your colleagu a belief in semi-slavery or just me ness?

JOHN BU

BALDWIN

by A. G. Gardiner

THIS Whitsuntide will see Mr. Baldwin back in the saddle as Master of the Hounds. It is the old pack with redistributed labels. The offices have been reshuffled, but the more are reshuffled the more the pack is same thing.

other words, it is more definitely a servative pack. As Dr. Johnson ld say, "it is the old dog in a new ." And the coat is more decidedly

think we may congratulate ourselves the change. It makes the position e honest and clears the issue for the eral Election, to which this game of ical chairs is a preliminary.

Mere hostage

r. MacDonald's Premiership was rs a piece of window-dressing. He a sort of wax figure placed in the dow as an assurance to the public of non-Party tailoring which was going inside

t in effect he had little relation to t was going on inside. He lacked first essential of a Prime Minister, of a strong, popular backing in the ntry, and lacking that he tended to me a mere hostage in the hands of Conservatives who possessed the er, dictated the policy, and left him the shop window as an evidence of r good faith

is position reminds me of a remark ch I heard Robertson Nicoll once e when he was asked what manner an his partner, Hodder Williams, "Oh," said Nicoll, in his silky e, nursing his chin meanwhile, "he's ry nice ma-a-an. He signs the e-eques." Mr. MacDonald signed cheques.

Work done

veryone will regret the infirmity to eyes which has made the retention him of the Premiership impossible, will wish him a complete recovery in onerous tasks. But his work was e and his Premiership was an mally, was becoming a jest, and might e ended in being a public danger. is resignation marks the decline of a unique career—a lonely, friendless boy, founder with a few others of a great Party that has changed the complexion of British politics, derided as a traitor first by his opponents, then by his old friends, and ending by becoming Prime Minister in four separate Governments —a record that no British statesman, certainly for a century, has equalled.

Now Mr. Baldwin comes back to the helm for the third time. In fact, of course, it has been obvious that he has been at the helm for months past. Only his loyalty to Mr. MacDonald as the necessary figure-head of a Government which claimed to be national restrained his followers from repudiating their nominal leader.

The revolt

In regularising the position, I do not think anyone will accuse Mr. Baldwin of personal aims or personal ambition. He has his failings, to which I shall refer.

But he is the least self-regarding of men, and his disinterestedness and public spirit are the real source of his influence.

That influence is extraordinary in view of the fact that he is anything but a hide-bound Party man. If the Die Hards of Conservatism could have found anyone in their ranks capable of challenging him they would have revolted against him. For their dissatisfactions with him are many and grievous.

Take the case of India. There is going through Parliament at this time what is probably the most momentous measure ever before the legislature—the measure conceding a self-governing constitution to India. Its final passage is now assured.

That fact we owe to one man. The overwhelming sentiment of Conservatism in the country is hostile to the Bill. Even where it is not hostile it is lukewarm. Over and over again the fate of the Bill has been in the balance at the caucus meetings. Mr. Churchill has headed an open revolt inside of Parliament and out. The Tory Press has thundered daily against the Bill. Leagues have been formed to destroy it. Tory members have been inundated with threats of penalties if they support it.

All in vain. The Bill is going through. The defeated agitation is subsiding. Mr. Churchill has fallen silent and suggests that henceforth he is going to be a good boy

And Mr. Baldwin is left with the victory. He staked everything on the cause. He not only educated his Party. He fought it and subdued it. His terms were "The Bill or my retirement." And they have taken the Bill.

It is a triumph for conviction and for character.

There are cleverer men in Parliament that Mr. Baldwin. There are more astute politicians. Mr. Churchill can beat him in the pomp of oratory. Mr. Lloyd George can make rings round him in the arts and crafts of the political game.

But Mr. Baldwin wins by character, by moral elevation and by his direct appeal to the spiritual emotion of men. He is not in Parliament for a career, or even, I think, because he likes it, or wants its offices. He is there because—as a good citizen and a good European he can do his job there.

Rare virtues

And though he is an indifferent hand at the cut-and-thrust of the game he has qualities of a rarer and finer virtue than mere nimbleness of wit. His freedom from venom and his tolerance keep the air cool and the mind open and accessible. He can speak plain truths without giving offence.

For example, his recent reply to Herr Hitler was a straight indictment of Germany, but it was enveloped in such an air of fairness and sweet reasonableness that it was received in Germany itself with respect and cordiality. The world needs this spirit of candour and good will at this time, and Mr. Baldwin supplies it.

His deficiencies are on the surface. The most frequent accusation I hear brought against him is that he is lazy. If so, I sympathise with him. I am lazy myself.

But it may be that he is only supposed to be lazy because he has not the art of "seeming busier than he is," like Chaucer's Man of Laws. He is capable of blazing indiscretions, like that which followed his meeting with Poincaré in France and like his plunge into the election of 1923. And his lack of Parliamentary cunning makes him too dependent on colleagues whom he should control and not be controlled by.

"National" again

He has come to power at the fag end of a Parliament with one main task—to fight an election. When will he fight it and on what will he fight it?

If he were an electoral strategist he would fight it now when the going seems good. But that would be dishonest and I don't think he will do it, if only because it would compromise the fate of the India Bill.

The alternatives are the autumn or the Spring. His choice will no doubt be governed by the overshadowing consideration of the European situation.

As to the issue, he will certainly aim to keep the National Government in being. He believes in it and would like it to be a reality.

But it has become little more than a façade for the Conservative Party, and however he manœuvres the battle will be broadly between the Conservatives and Labour, with the Liberal vote split between the two.

Mr. Baldwin wins by character, moral elevation and his direct appeal to the spiritual emotion of men

OT FROM THE B.B.C.

Price of Glamour

NCE to be a prima donna
Was a rôle of ease and honour,
For one merely had to keep
one's voice in trim;
Philistines protested
the stage appeared congested
the presence of a singer far from
slim!

a star but sang with vigour,
excused a shapeless figure,
hich of years of heavy feeding fairly
yelled!
ther painful face contortions,
a waist of the proportions
a hogshead, our enthusiasm quelled!

Grace Moore has brought a stream-
line
ure right into the scream line,
that fat sopranos rail against the
fates.
en we go to Covent Garden
not Yuletide, so we harden
our hearts against the warbling of the
"weights"!

hen not applauding her singing, ad-
ers of the heroine of "One Night of
" find it hard to say whether they
most thankful for the presence of so
ch Grace or the absence of too much
re.
e have for so long been accustomed to
atic heroines who are supposed to be
ng from consumption, but look as if they were suffering from elephantitis, that we are naturally surprised to find that Grace's impressive collection of "notes" can be accommodated in a "chest" of normal dimensions.

However, the singer herself made it clear, on her arrival in London, that the glory that is Grace is not without drawbacks. As a mere prima donna she had simply to exchange her notes for gold. But elevated to the status of a film star, she has to satisfy not only the man behind the mike, but the cove behind the camera.

For four months she practised in front of a mirror, learning how to take a high C without making the sort of face that would launch a thousand quips from irreverent film fans.

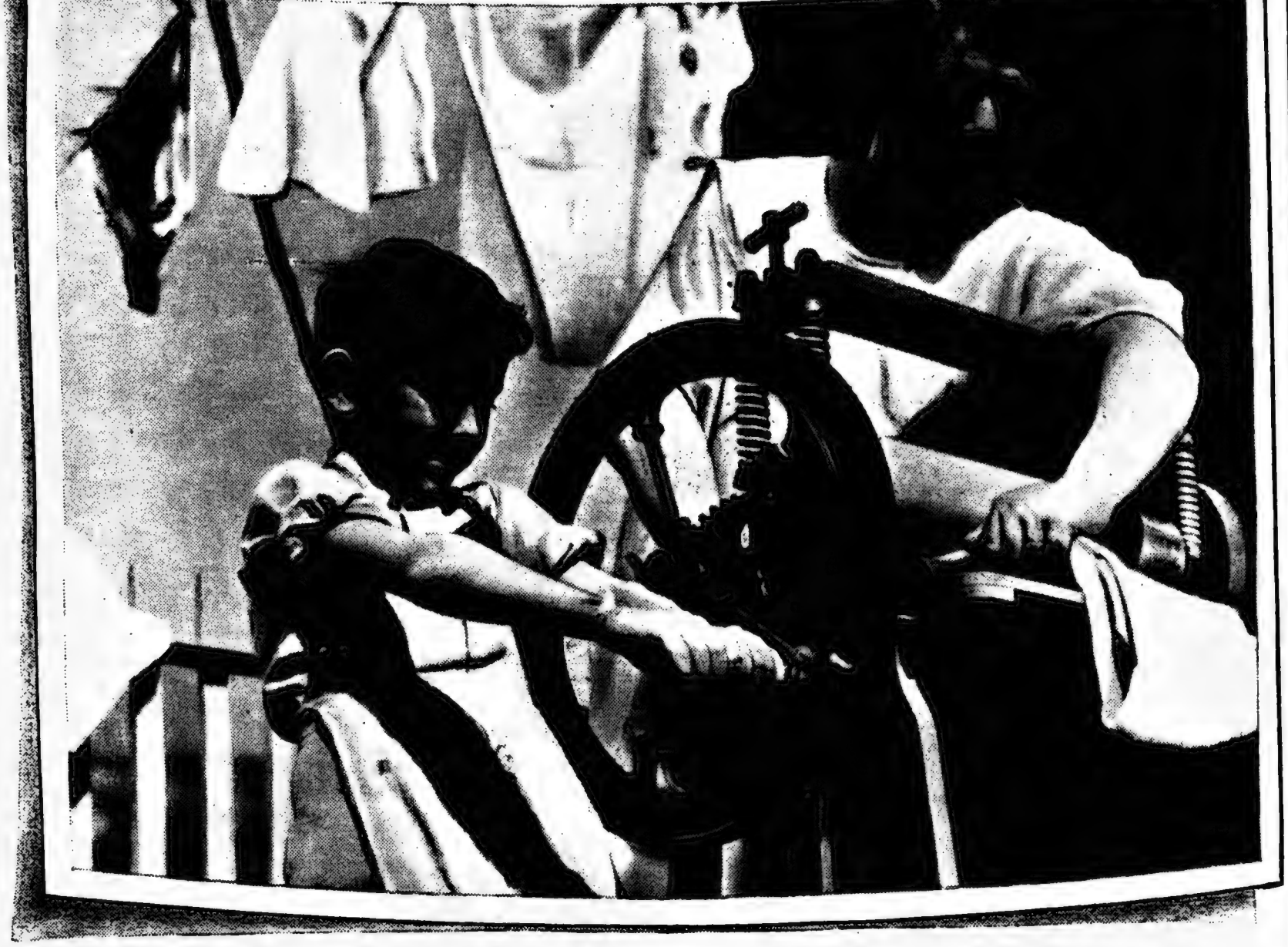
And having, so to speak, ensured the freedom of the C's, she must be constantly on the alert not to acquire operatic contours; for what might pass as a figure at Covent Garden would be merely a figure of fun to kinema connoisseurs.

"When I sang in opera," she says, "I did not have to worry what I looked like. Now whenever I go out people are watching me. They expect me to look like I do on the screen. I worry about my eyelashes. I have to look smart and beautiful all the time."

Grace makes it plain that there is a catch in being the catch of the Hollywood season. "I am," she declares, "a gipsy by nature. I like to be free. But that's all over now! The public sees you as the character you play on the film, with all those marvellous sweeping eyelashes and glamorous clothes."

The film star goes on her glamorous way
The envy of girls galore;
But "One Night of Love" brings many
a day
Which many would find a bore.
Her footsteps dogged by the camera's
click,
Her smile must be kept unfurled,
Her glamour on tap and her aura spick,
And each eyelash nicely curled!

For she never knows when she won't be
seen
By the fans who prowl and peer;
"She doesn't look like she does on the
screen!"
Are the words she dreads to hear.
When once she's released to the public
view,
She ever must keep her pose—
And she'll ne'er know the ease of an
ancient shoe
Or the joy of a shining nose!



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8 pictures on these Kodak spools

KODAK LIMITED, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

Impostor who Swindles Women

DUPES of a BOGUS ARCHDUKE

Dr. Eugen Seydel, of Vienna, one of the numerous police chiefs who have been watching the activities of this man of mystery.

HISTORY, as we all know, has an uncanny way of repeating itself.

Many years ago a young and handsome prince known as the Archduke Johann of Austria left a palatial suite he then occupied in London to go on a strange and suddenly planned voyage. He sailed away, with a small retinue of servants, from Tilbury Docks on a privately-owned ship for a secret destination in South America and, in the middle of the journey by sea, disappeared with all on board.

Many people at the time thought that this thirty-year-old Austrian prince had pre-arranged his "disappearance," and that the dramatic narratives which subsequently appeared in the Press as to the fate of the ship on which he sailed were all part of a deliberate plan, conceived by the prince himself with the object of cutting himself off from his family and becoming just an ordinary "commoner."

Benign and bearded

Authentic and historical documents record the fact that the young Archduke Johann had quarrelled with his august and adamant father, the then head of the famous "House of the Hapsburgs," because he was passionately devoted to an untitled daughter of the people—an unsophisticated country girl whom he wished to make his wife. For her, it is said, he renounced the Throne of Austria, and, in a great gale and tempest, met his untimely death at sea.

To-day, if that story is untrue, and that lovelorn and princely personage are still living, despite all accounts to the contrary, he would be somewhere in the neighbourhood of eighty years of age.

Well, he *is* still living, according to the stories which have latterly been told of a benign and bearded gentleman who, passing in the name of Baron Johann Orth, claims to be the long-departed and much-missed "last prince" of the House of Hapsburg."

Tall, and of soldierly bearing despite his years, Baron Johann Orth, with his ruddy, silvery hair and well-trimmed beard, strikes a commanding figure and appears on the surface to be a man of wealth and distinction.

With his handsome wife, who claims to be the widow of Count Frederick Waldini, he has made frequent visits to London, and has spent a great deal of his time during recent years in Austria, France and South America. Distinguished people, and even members of royal families, have been constantly in his company.

A few months ago, when the Prince of Wales was enjoying a well-earned holiday in the Tyrol, Baron Johann Orth and his Baroness were very much in evidence.

His coronet

They stayed in an expensive suite at the Grand Hotel, Kitzbuehel, and created so much local attention that they were besieged by newspaper men for information concerning their alleged right to the discarded Throne to which the Baron is said to be the rightful claimant.

Kitzbuehel was agog with excitement over the Baron's stories, which were borne out by the fact that the Baron's elegant wardrobe contained tastefully cut garments bearing an embroidered coronet. He appeared at several functions wearing many decorations, including the Order of the Golden Fleece, while his magnificent cigarette-case and other personal articles were embellished with an Imperial crown.

It was proclaimed in the local press that Baron Johann Orth was the missing Archduke Johann Salvador of Austria, and was preparing a campaign to restore the "House of the Hapsburgs" to its position of glory and power.

Unfortunately for the Baron many people observed that, at the most, he could not be more than sixty-five, whereas the lost and missing Archduke, long since reported dead, would be eighty-two if he were actually still alive.

Unpaid bills

As a matter of fact, Baron Johann Orth and his pretty wife have duped hotel proprietors and different types of creditors in several countries, and only recently the Dresden police were making enquiries about them concerning complaints they had received to the effect that they had obtained money by fraud.

After he had made a somewhat sudden departure from Kitzbuehel it was discovered that his mode of living was by no means of the kind expected from a man of his exalted rank. Complaints were received that he had obtained credit extensively, was really without means, and that many of his extravagant bills and accounts had been left unpaid.

But there are many victims in England, too. Here, not long ago, Baron Johann Orth, in his guise as "The Archduke Johann Salvator of Austria," posed as the proud owner of two large and important South American gold mines. By various pretexts he borrowed money from different people, some of whom move in the most exclusive society circles, who believed his impressive stories and took him at his word that he is the great aristocrat he appears to be.

In many cases these sums have not been repaid; and enquiries have revealed that the gold mines he talks about so proudly are not by any means as valuable as he pretends.

In different parts of the world, with little more than his own claims to commend him, he has inveigled his way without any hindrance into the homes of aristocratic people and obtained money from them. In many cases he has traded upon the security of his gold-mining "concessions," and in others he has been content to raise money against mysterious "allowances" which are supposed to be paid to him from some obscure source.

The Baron has a charming manner where women are concerned, and many ladies of means, swayed by his colourful stories, have often come to his rescue financially. In more than one case the male members of aristocratic families who have parted with money to him have done so under the influence of their wives, who have accepted his claims without demur.

He not long ago tried to obtain a large sum from a wealthy lady in London, but she was astute enough to make enquiries in official and diplomatic circles about his alleged royal status. When the Baron heard that this was being done, he did not trouble her further!

One of his London victims is a company director, with offices in the City, who entered some time ago into negotiations with him concerning a proposed company formation here. Believing that the Baron was really the missing Archduke, this man entertained him, and was very heavily involved financially before he discovered that his stories and claims were all false.

The Baron, who, as we have already said, is much-travelled, and has lived periodically in all parts of the world, has a bad financial record that goes back for decades. Before the war began he was the subject of enquiries in Buenos Aires, where creditors found it difficult to obtain their dues from him. Since then he has figured in numerous official investigations made by the Police Departments of different countries, including our own Scotland Yard.

When cautious people have had the temerity to enquire a little more deeply into his claims to be an Archduke the majestic bearing of the Baron droops a little. Apart from asserting that his real name *is* Johann Orth—which is identical with that assumed by the missing Archduke just prior to his disappearance—he is careful to go no further. All pointed questions put to him are left unanswered, and the Baron intimates that he does not wish to be further bothered with such personal queries.

His real name

Sometimes, in London and elsewhere, he has passed in the name of Baron Ott, but even when passing in this he has allowed it to be known that it was only used in an endeavour to try to avoid annoying publicity.

Perhaps the publicity we are giving here will annoy him still more; nevertheless, it will put people on their guard against him in the event of his descending upon them in his guise as a Baron, with his impressive coronets, imperial crowns, medallions and decorations that add to the glamour in which he lives, at the expense of others.

Actually, his real name is Adolf Maximilian Ott, and he is a Czecho-Slovakian subject. The sooner his too frequent visits to this country are banned the better it will be for everybody concerned.

Film Fee Snatcher

REPORTS which reach John Bull from Leeds, Nottingham and Birmingham indicate that the Bonnell Film Corporation is active once again.

This concern which, despite its title of "Corporation," is simply a one-man show, conducted by an actor named William C. Watson, has already been the subject of adverse comment in our columns.

Watson lives on the fees he extracts from young men and women who imagine that they can secure lucrative employment by acting in film productions. His Bonnell Film Corporation is just a screen school of no particular merit, with Watson himself as the instructor.

After they have paid their money to Watson and have received from him a course of tuition, the majority of pupils meet with quick, unhappy disillusionment. They find only too often there is not the least possibility of work for them in film production.

We have in our records the evidence of a number of unfortunate people who have received tuition from William C. Watson, of the Bonnell Film Corporation.

At the present time, what he calls his "principal studio" is an office room in Albion Place, Leeds. He is living at Crossby Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham, and visiting Birmingham for weekly classes.

Incidentally, he owes substantial sums of money to creditors in Birmingham, including an amount for rent of premises in New Street, which he formerly occupied and from which he made a very hurried departure.

The advertisements which Watson inserts in local newspapers for "refined ladies and gentlemen desirous of qualifying for the legitimate screen" are disguised under a box number.

Anyone who answers an advertisement of that kind and receives then a communication from William C. Watson or the Bonnell Film Corporation would be well advised not to pursue the matter further.

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FREE.—A generous sample of FEEN-A-MINT, the safe, pleasant chewing laxative, which banishes Constipation, is offered to every reader who sends 1½d. in stamps to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. L.1), 15, Thames Hse., S.W.1.

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A FREE testing sample of Kotalko for the Hair and Kotalko Soap will be sent in return for the coupon on p. 30.

FREE to sufferers from leg troubles. Fill in the coupon on the Back Cover or write to the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd. (Dept. 15D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, for a free sample of ELASTO, the new biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet, the "Story of Elasto," fully explaining how this great blood revitaliser cures through the blood. Turn to the back cover.

FREE.—Fennings' "Everybody's Doctor." Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.W. This offer appears on p. 28.

RHEUMATIC sufferers can obtain relief from a sample of URACE Brand Tablets as offered on p. 27. Simply write to Newbern & Phillips, Ltd., 33M., Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

Buying Through John Bull's "Shop Window" means satisfaction or money back.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHINA.—18 pc. Teasets 1/11. Crates of Cups, Scrs., Plates, Jugs, etc., 10/-. Amazing s.a.s and list FREE.—Direct Pottery, 19, Burslem.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10/- or £1 per month. No references required, even from non-householders. Call or write to Dept. M246 for Ladies' Summer Catlg., also Gentlemen's Catlg.—SMARTWEAR, LTD., 263-271, Regent St., Ldn., W.

"BOXING with Brains," the clever System Jack Doyle arranged for himself, and by which he won all his fights, is now placed at your service for a very moderate fee. Have you a punch that matters? Do you fancy yourself with the gloves? Hundreds have become fistic marvels with this system.—Write for free particulars (enc. 1½d. stamp) to Jack Doyle, 9, Oakley House, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1.

TAKE all your photographs with Kodak film—it's the sure film—the film that gives the greatest possible chance of clear, sparkling pictures of beautiful tone and full of interesting detail. Kodak film costs 1/- for 8 pictures, Kodak "Verichrome," the famous double-coated 8-picture film, costs 1/2 and makes fine, clear pictures whether the day is dull or bright. Always ask for Kodak film—sold everywhere by Kodak dealers. See p. 14.

WILLS' CAPSTAN Cigarettes always provide a satisfying smoke and give utmost enjoyment. They are blended better! Obtainable everywhere at 10 for 6d., 20 for 11½d., plain or cork-tipped. See p. 18.

OVER fifty million pounds of apples had to be pressed last year to satisfy the growing demand for BULMER'S Woodpecker Cider. A refreshing drink to quench everybody's thirst, Bulmer's, is always a safe drink when heavy alcoholic drinks or mineral waters do not fit the setting. A flagon fills five glasses—yet costs only 10½d. Order one now. See p. 23.

FREE.—Write to Rowntree & Co., Ltd., Dept. R/1, The Cocoa Works, York, for a free Gift Booklet of gifts offered in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Table Jellies (Rowntree's Cocoa coupons also count). Be certain to send for your free copy right away. Mention *John Bull* when writing. The offer appears on p. 25.

WRITE, mentioning *John Bull*, to T. H. Clague, Publicity Dept., Isle of Man, or 119, Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Square, London, for free particulars and copy of an interesting handbook giving full information how you can spend a happy holiday at the Isle of Man. Hundreds of cash prizes are offered in a fascinating amateur photographic competition! See p. 21.

EVERY woman reader of *John Bull* can obtain a free sample of NEW VEET by sending 3d. to cover cost of packing, postage, etc. Address your application at once to Dae Health Labs., Ltd. (Dept. 32W), Cunard Rd., Acton, London, N.W.10. This special offer appears in the advt. on p. 31.

EXCELLENT health for 1/- a week! That is the cost of Mr. H. Broom's International Physical Culture Course advertised on p. 33. If you are interested and would like further information, and proof of the excellent benefits to be obtained by this successful Physical Culture training (which can be carried out at home in your spare time), fill in the coupon which will bring you full literature, photo-prints, etc.

VALUABLE Booklet free. A mine of information on the important subject of teeth is contained in a special booklet, "Long Live the Teeth," which readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd. (Dept. 5V), London, E.1, can obtain free and post free without obligation.

WRITE to Dept. 67/66, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1, for a week's supply of Euthymol Tooth Paste. It keeps teeth clean and kills decay germs.

FREE Sample of Wright's Coal Tar Soap and free Booklet by Prof. A. M. Low has written an interesting treatise, "The Truth about Soap." If you are interested in getting value for your money and in safeguarding health and beauty write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Messrs. Wright, Layman and Umney, Ltd., Dept. YJ, 44/50, Southwark St., London, S.E.1, and a Free Sample and copy of the Booklet will be sent you.

WRITE for a copy of FOSTER CLARK'S illustrated list of Gifts offered in exchange for coupons from packets of Foster Clark's Cream Custard. A free coupon will accompany your list of gifts booklet.—Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to Foster Clark, Ltd., Dept. JBL, Maidstone, Kent.

£250 FOR ONLY THREE WORDS! — This magnificent first prize and 352 other prizes from £50 downwards are being given away for a NESTLE. You simply add 3 words to one of the examples appearing on p. 27, beginning your three words with the same initial letters as those in the example, though not necessarily in the same order. Simple isn't it? Aptness, originality and wit will come in awarding the prizes. Some specimens to guide you appear in the special announcement to which you should turn now while you think of it. You can send in as many entries as you like provided a complete wrapper from a 5-lb. block of Nestle's Milk Chocolate accompanies each entry. At least one entry must be sent on one of the coupons appearing in the competition announcement on p. 27. Further entries can be sent in on plain paper, which must bear your name and address. Closing date June 14. Enter for this competition now—think what you could do with £250!

A NOTE for Mothers! Do you know that a complete Mother Goose story, Simple Simon, "Jack Spratt" and many others appear on every packet of Kellogg's Rice Krispies, the delicious and healthful cereal, costing only 7½d. per packet at all grocers? See p. 25.

HAVE you tried "Sco," the new oven cleaner? If your grocer or ironmonger cannot supply, send his name and address, with 10½d., to "Sco," 72, Smedley Street, London, S.W.8, and a free sample tin, sufficient for a thorough test, will be sent to you. This offer appears in the advt. on p. 30.

NAIL-BITING. A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself for ever from this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

The Week's Best Bargains are in John Bull's "Shop Window." Turn to pages 2 and 3.

Shock for NEW HOUSE Buyers

AMAZING DEMANDS ON TENANTS

It is up to Sir Hilton Young, as Minister of Health, to tackle immediately this subsidy and house sales scandal

IN this article, we bring to public light an exceptional scandal which affects, in its different contacts, the Ministry of Health, the Corporation of Stafford, and many e owners in that prosperous Mid- industrial town.

he facts are remarkable, for they , on investigation, without any stion that—

direct instruction of the Minister of lth on the rules of subsidy house ding and sale has been evaded;

gal agreements entered into between Town Council of Stafford and cer- builders have failed to carry out intentions of the Ministry of Health.

Other victims

or years Stafford house owners have over annually a toll, for what is ed a perpetual chief rent, which in ues should not have been extracted their pockets; the total capitalised unt involved being more than 00.

hat is worse, no steps have as yet n taken to rectify the injustice or to g the persons responsible to book.

oreover, there are indications that t has happened in Stafford has urred also elsewhere in the country, hat it is difficult to measure the end his house sales imposition.

ly through the medium of an article ohn Bull was the position at Staf- ford discovered. It happened in this way:—

A resident of Stafford, living in Silkmore Lane, a road of semi-detached villa residences, noticed in JOHN BULL a statement to the effect that the Minister of Health had issued, away back in 1925, an instruction to local authorities that the Government housing subsidy—under the 1923 Housing Act—should only be paid on houses which, if sold, must be sold at a price not exceeding £600, and must be freehold.

Now, in 1926, that resident had purchased from a local builder a subsidy house—the one in which he is now living—priced at £600 (the State maximum), but it was only transferred to him under an agreement that he should pay a perpetual ground rent of £3 a year.

Mr. R. Morrow, the resident in question, at once began to make enquiries to ascertain how it was that a house—on which a Government subsidy had been paid to the builder—had been sold to him in direct contravention of the obvious intentions of the Ministry of Health.

At the Stafford Town Hall he inspected a copy of the agreement under which, through the Stafford Town Council, the subsidy money was passed to the builder.

There, in black and white, was the very explicit clause respecting his particular house:—

"A subsidy be paid on condition the house be sold lock, stock and barrel, including the land on which it stands, for a sum not exceeding £600."

Yet Mr. Morrow was being charged ground rent; had paid ground rent for a period of eight years, and he and his heirs, or whoever else might buy the property, were bound to pay ground rent for ever and always. The house, of course, could not be resold without the restrictive ground rent.

Rather naturally, Mr. Morrow, having made his discovery, refused to pay any further ground rent. He said, in effect, "You have obtained £24 from me to which you are not entitled, I shall not hand over any more. The house should be rightly unencumbered freehold property."

But when he took this line, he was bluntly told by a firm of solicitors that if he did not pay immediate distraint would be levied. A bailiff would be sent to seize his goods in settlement of the debt.

Taking legal advice on his part, Mr. Morrow was informed that he *must pay*. In view of the agreement entered into between him and the builder at the time the house was sold, he was bound to go on paying and paying and paying the perpetual chief rent.

About this stage an investigation was set on foot to ascertain how many other house owners in Stafford, who lived in Government subsidy houses, had suffered in the same manner as Mr. Morrow, of 29, Silkmore Lane.

The result was startling. Evidence was secured that there had been evasion of the subsidy scheme in respect of more than 120 houses.

On these houses subsidies of from £50 upwards had been paid with the understanding on the part of the Ministry of Health and the Stafford Council that the houses must be sold without encumbrance.

Yet on all the houses ground rent of varying amount was being charged each year.

Official complaint was made to the Stafford Corporation of the conduct of the builders, and at the same time the Ministry of Health was informed of the amazing discovery.

An admission was made in open meeting recently of the Stafford Council of the whole extraordinary position.

"In certain cases," stated the Chairman of the Housing Committee, "the conditions under which the subsidies were granted as far back as 1926 were not observed by the builders, and a communication on the subject has been received by the Town Clerk from the Ministry of Health."

We say deliberately that we are prepared to use stronger language than that in describing the conduct of the builders.

Our verdict on the whole unpleasant business is unhesitating. We declare that this is a scandal of the gravest character. Immediate steps must be taken to remove it.

The Stafford Corporation is apparently reluctant to test the legal position.

In our opinion, it is the duty of the Minister of Health to intervene with all the resources of a Government Department which lie at his command.

The many houses, which properly should have sold freehold, must be made over to their owner free of all restrictive covenants. And the amounts paid in ground rents should also be refunded, no matter what impediments have to be overcome.

Overridden

Indeed, it is intolerable that the regulations of the Government imposed to remedy the housing shortage should have been overridden in this way.

We appeal to the Ministry of Health to tackle with unswerving determination this subsidy and house sales scandal of Stafford, and then to make enquiry as to similar occurrences in other parts of the country.

For Stafford is not alone in such mischievous conduct.

Already the information in our possession indicates that similar abuse regarding subsidy houses has occurred in the Manchester area, in Cheshire and elsewhere.

As You Like It

THE HUMAN MACHINE

WHEN you have something to do, do it. Don't delay. Don't dawdle. Don't put it off. Don't say that a bit later on will do. Jump to it. Do it not only at once, but as quickly as you can. Do it as well as you can. Be complete master of yourself and your opportunities.

"He who is silent is forgotten; he who abstains is taken at his word; he who does not advance falls back; he who stops is overwhelmed; he who ceases to grow greater becomes smaller; he who leaves off gives up; the stationary condition is the beginning of the end."

Whoever wrote that knew what he was talking about. We can never stand still. Nature neither forgives nor forgets. If you delay once, you will delay again.

You have started the tiny beginnings of a habit which will one day grow into a vast chain—unless you take it by the scruff of the neck immediately and kick it out of your system.

Everything we do—whether we act positively or negatively, whether we do things or put off doing them, is helping to build habits, is adding to our ability to do things automatically, without too much thought and effort.

We must always build habits whether we like it or not. What we can do is to choose whether the habits we build are good or bad. And since it's just as easy to do the one as the other, it seems silly to push ourselves downhill when we can just as easily climb upwards!

A rigid regard for the value of time, punctuality, consideration for other people, respect for ourselves, a liking for work, pride in doing good work, quick work, successful work—all these can be made into habits if we set our minds to that way of thinking.

If we don't—why then we shall, despite ourselves, just as quickly establish the habits that are the reverse of these.

You can go forward or you can slide backward. You can take your choice. But you can't stand still. Nature won't let you. "He who does not advance falls back."

Whatever you do, whatever you think, whatever course you are setting yourself, look at it from this point of view and see where it is taking you. You are the Captain of your ship. It's up to you to see that it goes where you want it to go.

Wills's CAPSTAN CIGARETTES 10 for 6d., 20 for 11½d., PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

'BETTER
BUY CAPSTAN,
they're blended
better

—as they say at the Rake and Raspberry

Knit, Knit, Knit . . —A Cruel Homework Racket

Weekly Informations from Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS

FROM all parts of the country letters of complaints are being made concerning a firm which goes by the name of Wool Purchases (Birmingham), Ltd., and has registered offices at 199A, Broad Street, Birmingham.

It is clear from the statements before me that this company is carrying on an extensive trade. Yet its methods are entirely discreditable, and inevitably lead to the victimisation of honest and trusting poor people.

Therefore I propose to reveal the truth about Wool Purchases (Birmingham), Ltd., and the person who is the prime mover in the concern.

Advertisements are inserted by the company at regular intervals in a widely spread chain of local newspapers to this effect: "Persons wanted to knit and crochet ladies' and children's garments.—Wool Purchases, Ltd., 199A, Broad Street, Birmingham."

Applicants to that advertisement receive a circular letter in the following terms:

"We beg to state that we require babies' and children's knitted and crochet garments all the year round, payment for same being made according to work done and material used."

Attractive prices

There follows then a list of the prices paid for various goods, which are quite attractive in their remuneration on face value, and the circular continues:

"If you care to give the work a trial, on receipt of five shillings deposit we will send materials and instructions. This amount is refunded at any time you wish to discontinue the work, providing, of course, that all materials, etc., have been returned and the work has been satisfactory."

It looks quite a simple and fair proposition; a means to secure extra money for household expenses by spare-time work. Actually it is just a bait to draw deposits from the unwary.

For I find in a large number of instances the promises made by Wool Purchases (Birmingham), Ltd., are quite worthless.

Repeatedly the company—on some excuse or other—refuses to pay its customers for work done. Neither are the deposits returned. In effect, what happens is that the company secures a varied stock of knitted garments for nothing.

To show the manner in which the company operates I cannot do better than quote from a particularly pathetic letter which comes from a young married woman in South London:

"My husband has been out of work for a long time, and I have only lately returned home from hospital after having had an abdominal operation, which has prevented me going out to work. We came across an advertisement for hand-knitters for a firm in Birmingham, and we both thought that I could sit quietly at home and bring in a few shillings. So I wrote for particulars. . . ."

The victims sit at home and do the work, but they are lucky indeed if they get payment

With a great deal of difficulty this correspondent of mine scraped together the five shillings demanded by Wool Purchases (Birmingham), Ltd., as deposit, and then received a parcel of wool and instructions to knit three bathing suits.

This she did. "I made them as directed," she states, "sent them back and asked that I might have the money for them, as we were badly in need of it. Incidentally, I might add that there was no price for bathing suits on the price list sent to me.

"After a three weeks' wait I received some rabbit wool for a jumper and a letter to say the bathing suits were satisfactory, but not a word about payment. Of course, I immediately wrote back reminding them of the money, whereupon I received another letter saying it was their custom to pay after receiving the second parcel."

So the jumper was knitted and despatched to Birmingham. Still no payment, only a letter declaring that the jumper had been soiled in the making and was therefore useless. Finally this woman, who had worked so patiently and hopefully for Wool Purchases (Birmingham), Ltd., had this communication:

"Dear Madam,

"You can be perfectly sure that the jumper is as we state. We are not stupid enough to make statements we cannot substantiate. There are five ounces of rabbit wool in it at 3s.:

Wool	..	16s. 6d.
Postages	..	1s. 0d.
		17s. 6d.

"We have your 5s. deposit, and owe you net price for three bathing suits, 3s. 9d. If you would like jumper returned, please remit 8s. 9d. difference."

And that is the last the woman has heard from the company.

I say that she has been defrauded out of her time and her money by this form of roguery. Her case is only typical. On one pretext or another, Wool Purchases (Birmingham) systematically withholds payments for work done.

Enquiries made by a member of my staff show that similar complaints have arisen in scores of towns throughout the country. *I have information of no fewer than 270 such complaints within a comparatively short period.*

Without question, the business carried on by Wool Purchases (Birmingham), Ltd., is a disgraceful imposition on the public.

From the records at Somerset House, I notice that this private company was floated in 1932, and has a paid-up capital of £30 exactly.

There are three women directors, who between them own the thirty paid-up shares, but the real management is in the hands of a Mrs. E. Gillan. She is an undischarged bankrupt, and therefore cannot act as a director. Her daughter, however, is one of the directors.

Victims poor

The "registered office" of the company is just a single room, which is used simply for the receipt of letters and is normally unoccupied.

Mrs. Gillan may be discovered at a retail shop in Broad Street, Birmingham, where the goods made by her home-knitters are displayed for sale. Formerly this Mrs. Gillan worked from addresses in Glasgow and West Bromwich, and complaints centred about her activities in both places.

When in Scotland several years ago, and later, after she moved to headquarters at Hill Top, West Bromwich, she was specialising in the same kind of offer to home workers. In those days she displayed—as she does now—remarkable ingenuity in making excuses to escape paying her dupes.

Consistently she evades her responsibilities. She is a person with whom it is inadvisable to have any kind of dealings.

It is to be hoped that this exposure will make it impossible for her to carry on her mischievous and dishonest business.

Her victims are innumerable and they are nearly all working-class people, who have sent money they can ill afford in the expectation of some small recompense for home industry.

THINKING the WORST

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

SOME of the nicest people I know have one great fault: their loyalty to people they love makes them unjust to people they dislike.

This is a very common thing. If you have a great affection for someone it is difficult for you to be fair in your judgment of another who causes the loved one pain or is a rival in the same field.

Let a clever boy or girl outshine your children in gifts and graces, and how do you feel about it? If you can escape being unfriendly in your thoughts about the successful one, you are a better man or woman than many parents would be in your place.

How easy it is to entertain a prejudice, and how hard to get rid of it! For some haphazard reason or no reason at all, perhaps through hearsay or jumping to conclusions from appearances only on some special occasion, you get an unfavourable impression of a neighbour's character which is never eradicated. It may be totally erroneous, but you don't give yourself a chance of learning the truth.

Perhaps you seldom meet the object of your aversion, or, if you do, it is not on a footing of intimacy; and, by a sort of fatality of which we all have repeated experience, everything you see of that particular person tends to confirm you in your bad opinion of him.

This antipathy may continue throughout life. But sometimes—not very often, I fear, but certainly in some cases—something happens to clear up the misunderstanding and show you that you had no grounds for believing ill of the individual or group for whom you had hitherto felt repulsion.

Do you feel sorry for your mistake or the unkind speeches and actions into which it may have betrayed you from time to time in the past? I doubt it; we all manage to forgive ourselves very easily for things we do that we would not like done to ourselves.

The refrain of an old hymn runs:—

"We shall know each other better
When the mists have rolled away."

What a pity it is that we go through life knowing so little of one another, imputing evil motives to one another, suspecting one another's intentions, thinking the worst of one another instead of the best. Nothing would tend more quickly to break down prejudice and put an end to mutual antagonism than the determination not to cherish an uncharitable spirit about anyone.

Few people really deserve the discreditable construction we are so ready to place on their demeanour and purposes. If we could see into their hearts we should usually find that there was more good at work there than evil, or that what seemed to us purely selfish was redeemed from baseness by some noble quality.

In the home circle itself how much unhappiness would be spared if we always made allowance for a repellent exterior, a momentary vexation, or a petulant outburst. People are apt to be tongue-tied with their nearest and dearest, and to practise a constraint that only disappears when tender emotions are deeply stirred.

Believe firmly in the hidden good that fails to find expression in the soul beside you. Never allow yourself to believe that what you don't know about that soul is worse than what you do know. Think the best, and nothing but the best, and you will draw it out

FORGED S

L

—Na

AMONG the visitors, distinguished and otherwise, who have honoured this country with their presence during the past few months is a remarkable man named Thomas Walker, who, with a catalogue of striking and varied achievements behind him, has lived and travelled in almost every part of the globe since the war ended.

Walker is noted for a charming personality, speaks several languages fluently, is an accomplished writer and, among many other things, professes to be a first-class authority on international politics.

Since his arrival in this country from New York a little more than three months ago, Walker, who is American by birth, has met people of all classes, including men and women of prominence and position. To some he has described himself as a leading American author and journalist of international repute, while to others he has passed in the guise of a political expert and statistician.

Claiming, with an appropriate touch of modesty, friendship with famous statesmen of different nationalities, he has succeeded in many instances in winning great esteem. Until quite recently, in fact, few of his newly made acquaintances here would have dreamed for one moment that he was anything other than the distinguished person he said he was.

"On the run"

In some quarters he confided that he has carried out many highly delicate and secret diplomatic missions in various parts of the world. He has talked of Prime Ministers, Cabinet Ministers and Republican Presidents at will, and repeatedly implied that he knew some of them so intimately that few of their most-guarded secrets were unknown to him.

A master of artifice, he has on occasion even gone so far as to produce letters which he said were written to him by statesmen and other prominent people—and which bore their signatures—or documents which were worded to suggest that they had specially appointed him to act privately on their behalf on some urgent or confidential mission.

The truth is, however, that during his astonishing activities in London he has all the time been "on the run" from the police authorities of several different countries!

JOHN BULL is able to reveal exclusively that "Thomas Walker," as he now chooses to call himself, is one of the world's greatest and most daring impostors.

In different parts of the world, indeed, he has left a trail of dupes behind him. With his charm and personality, education, unrivalled audacity, he has lived for years a career of the most polished crime.

Famed minister

High officers at Scotland Yard, at the instance of several Government departments, have latterly been giving Walker's operations here the closest attention.

For numerous people have parted with various sums of money to him in the belief that he was a man of influence and position, only to discover that he is just a clever swindler of an exclusive and unusual type.

Walker often lives by exploiting politics and politicians. He knows better than any other rogue how easy money can be made in this way. Not only that, he knows, too, that such money can be made with comparative safety because prominent people, though they are innocent victims of cruel exploitation, loathe publicity and are therefore not likely to support any criminal proceedings which might otherwise arise as the outcome of his roguery.

When Walker, in the company of millionaires and wealthy visitors arriving for the King's Jubilee, disembarked at Southampton Docks, he had his criminal plans all cut and dried.

Victims of cranks

In his pocket he carried a list of English statesmen and notabilities who are constantly the subject of unjustified criticism by cranks, extremists and "anti" movements which are always on the look-out for material that can be converted into sensational propaganda for their various causes.

In different parts of the world, as we shall show, Walker has supplied information for substantial monetary gain to such people and bodies, and one of his objects in coming to England was to achieve similar successes here.

And he has not come in vain! Amazing indeed has been his harvest in circumstances which read more like a William Le Queux thriller than a story that is based on hard fact.

For the first few days after he had arrived in London he lived quietly at a select West End hotel. He divided his time by staying for hours on end in his rooms, and fraternising with the guests in the lounges, where he was soon found to be excellent company.

No suspicion at all was raised over the long periods he remained in retirement, and the endless writing he was always found to be doing when a servant entered his apartment lent colour to his claim to be a famous author and journalist!

Too ridiculous

The real reasons why he enjoyed the privacy of his rooms for so many long hours each day will be all too apparent later.

In due course, when the time was ripe for him to do so, he studied his list of important people and paid considerable attention to the aims and objects of one or another of the "anti" parties to whom we have already referred.

Those concerns he particularly favoured are of the type which specialise in issuing propaganda of all kinds about some of our leading statesmen.

Though the general public may not know the extent to which Cabinet Ministers and prominent Members of Parliament are subjected by such bodies to unjust and intolerable abuse in this way, Walker was very much alive to the fact!

He knew, too, that legal action is rarely taken by the victims of such attacks because the allegations against them are mostly too ridiculous for words when read by intelligent people.

His schemes were all deeply laid and, having studied the extremist tendencies of his prospective victims, he was in a position to place before them propositions that could not fail to interest them.

In the first place, he unblushingly pretended to be wholeheartedly in sympathy with their cause, and made that his excuse for venturing to approach them at all. The information in his possession, he declared, was of such an exclusive character that it was imperative that the transaction should be treated with the utmost secrecy.

A staggering instance of Walker's effrontery can be told in the almost incredible story of negotiations he entered into with a leading official of one such propagandist organisation.

He wrote first of all for an appointment, wording his letter in brief, business-like terms, and conveying a strong hint that the object of his proposed visit was to offer something of more than usual interest.

The amazing forger works diligently at his scandalous task, but the cell in Sing Sing jail from which he escaped is still waiting for him

The requested interview was granted, and during the course of it Walker unfolded a most dramatic story. One of our foremost statesmen, he averred, had for a long time held secret sympathies for a great foreign Power, whose policy he considered was being unduly hampered by the British Government.

All innocent

For obvious reasons we do not propose to give the name of the statesman concerned, or of the other people who have since figured in the story as the outcome of Walker's disgraceful falsehoods.

It will be readily understood that they have suffered enough annoyance already.

The men whose names he mentioned, we say at once, are all perfectly innocent of the charges this impostor made against them. At the time he was carrying out the nego-

TATESMAN'S ETTERS

e of Famous Minister Used

tions to which we have referred they had never even heard of him.

During further interviews Walker enumerated one by one a series of wicked allegations against one particularly highly placed politician and, when asked what proof he had to corroborate his charges, intimated that he could produce letters which were written and signed by the politician himself.

These documents, he asserted, contained definite statements which proved beyond doubt that Walker's allegations were true, for the statesman's "secret sympathies" were expressed there in black and white!

Facile pen

When Walker knew that his listener's interest had been suitably aroused, and that his story was being fully believed, he craftily suggested that the publication of the letters would create a sensation.

And, knowing that money was no object where the other was concerned, asked for a large sum for each or all of the letters at first, but, following several further interviews, compromised and accepted a lower price.

Then he calmly walked out of the scene, suitably enriched by pulling off a scheme which was fraudulent from the start.

For Walker is one of the world's cleverest forgers. He knew that the person he had duped was deeply interested in the operations of the politician whose signature was said to be at the foot of the letters, and he had therefore concocted them, using appropriate phraseology for the purpose, and signed them himself in the celebrity's name.

The forgeries, in fact, were prepared during the many hours Walker spent in his hotel rooms when he was supposed to be engaged in genuine literary work!

As can be imagined, operations of this audacious type soon came to the knowledge of the authorities, and Scotland Yard officers started enquiries into the antecedents of Mr. Thomas Walker from U.S.A.

It then came out that Walker, during his stay here, raised other sums of money by various means, and had obtained credit from traders who were impressed by his commanding personality. Even when this amazing rogue landed at Southampton, and managed to get past the officials there with ease, the passport he carried was a false one, and belonged to a man whose name Walker assumed because he bore a striking likeness to him.

He had managed to slip out of the United States when a hue-and-cry was being made for him on all sides.

Just previously, he had actually scaled the walls of Sing Sing prison whilst serving there, in his real name of Robert Greene, a sentence for offences of the most detestable kind.

With his facile pen he manufactured and forged several passports through the medium of which he manœuvred a number of young Continental girls into the country for immoral purposes. After a long enquiry by the American police the offences were brought home to him, and he was given a long sentence for violating the White Slave Act, forgery and fraud.

Mr. Robert Bingham, U.S. Ambassador in London, and Admiral von Levetzow, Berlin police chief, are both aware of Thomas Walker's sinister activities

Warders eluded

It says much for his resourcefulness that he skilfully eluded the armed warders and a special police "ring" which was put into operation to capture him after his sensational escape from the American jail, and found means to set himself up with a new wardrobe, and sail openly for Great Britain with his false passport and land here without hindrance to perpetrate his latest frauds.

He is also wanted in Helsingfors, Finland, in another name. There, he posed as the secretary of a famous American statesman and, gaining confidence with the aid of a further set of spurious documents, obtained a large sum of money from a man whose daughter he promised to marry.

When complaints were growing rife as to his indifferent habit of running up bills, and obtaining loans, here, there and everywhere, Walker promptly disappeared.

The Helsingfors police now know that the documents he carried were forgeries, and that he had only recently escaped from Russia, where he obtained money in another of his "selling political information" plots.

Fake passport

Fresh from his Helsingfors triumphs Walker landed in Berlin. Here he rented an expensive flat and posed as a noted author whose object in staying in the country was to collect important information for a volume he was preparing on the subject of world economics and world politics.

With his amazing flair for masterly deception he feathered his nest by various tricks, and escaped from the German capital a few hours before a warrant was issued for his arrest on charges of fraud perpetrated there and in other German towns. The passport with which he entered Germany was also false.

Walker's indomitable resource never deserts him, and more than once, when he has found himself in a tight corner, he has succeeded in extricating himself.

In Australia there are warrants against him for obtaining money by threats.

In one case there he endeavoured to blackmail a highly placed citizen through the medium of incriminating letters he had himself prepared. Again he escaped when the Commonwealth police were hot on his heels.

Although he is such an international adventurer, whose recent exploits in London alone are more than sufficient to earn for him a long spell in an English jail, the authorities have, so far, had to be content to charge him merely with the offence of being in this country without permission, and violating the provisions of the Aliens Restriction Act.

Cell waiting!

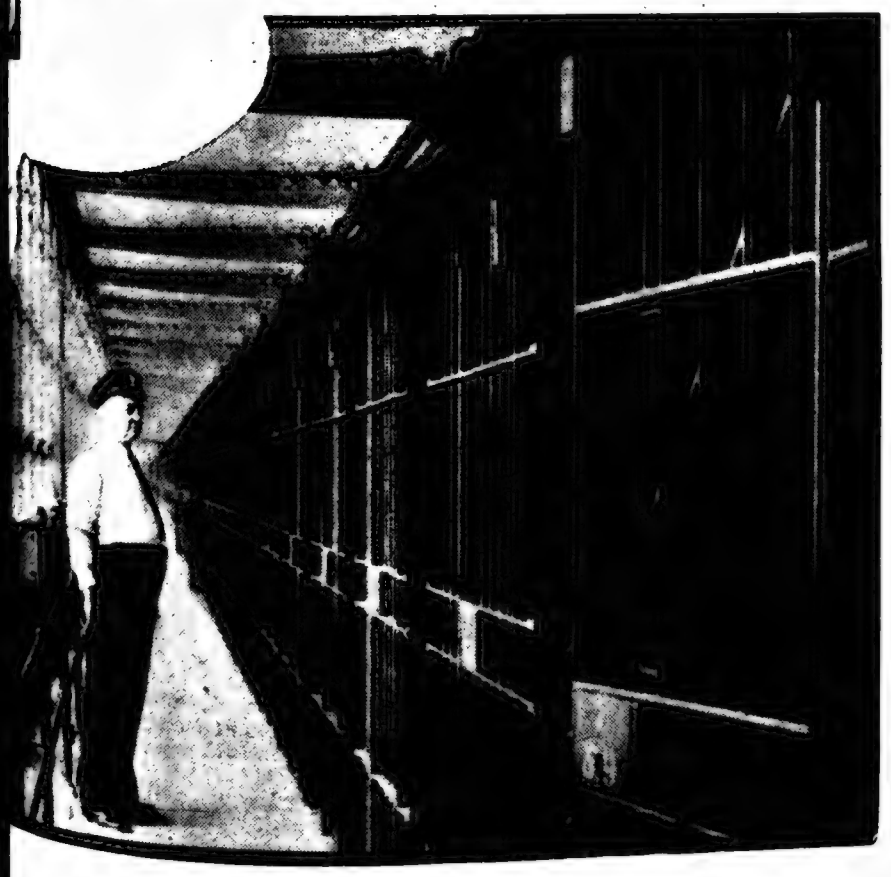
When he appeared a few days ago before Mr. Dummett, the Bow Street magistrate, it was revealed how Walker had openly lied about his passport and other matters on which he was questioned. He had been very impudent, and even denied that he *was* the man whose record we have laid bare here.

He has now been detained, and is at present in jail here, pending deportation.

Perhaps, when all things are considered, that is as it should be, when the Governor of the American jail from which he escaped is still keeping his cell open for him, and when the police of other countries need him so badly!

The sooner he is escorted to a liner bound for America the better, and it is to be hoped that the Home Secretary will sign an order for his deportation at the earliest possible moment.

The real scandal, however, surely lies in the astounding fact that, with the amazing record he possesses, he ever obtained admission to this country at all.



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KEATING'S
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"JOHN BULL" READERS' STORIES—No. 132

My husband was bending over me, his expression a tortured blending of love and hate

CHAINED to a MADMAN

THERE is no enduring substitute for love, but many a woman has fashioned the stuff of pity into a cloak of romance. And though the imagined love wears thin, the pity may remain. It has remained in my own heart so that now, safe home in England, I think of Jack's dark, handsome face as I saw it long ago, eager and passionate and pleading, the face of a charming spoilt boy begging for something which should have been refused.

It is only by night, when sometimes I wake startled from a dream, that I see that other face, contorted with rage and despair, and I clutch the sheet and shriek at the madness in the dark eyes.

There was actual madness in my husband's family, but I did not know that until after we were married. When I was not quite twenty-one my married brother, who lives in Ottawa, sent me a cheque for all my expenses and invited me to stop with him and his wife for a month or two. Mother was in good health at that time. She said she didn't mind being left alone, and begged me not to miss such a wonderful holiday. It was the greatest adventure I had ever had, and the most delightful, but when the holiday was over my brother found that his work would not permit him to see me to New York as he had intended.

"I'm very sorry, Betty," he explained, "but it just can't be helped. And you'll be quite all right, my dear, because I've asked a friend of mine in the New York Customs to meet you when you arrive and look after you until you are on board ship."

I was rather amused, for I felt very well able to look after myself. On the other hand, I didn't mind meeting this "Jack Martin," and hoped he would be friendly and amusing.

He was more than that. No one could have been more attentive and charming. He saw to everything for me, gave me flowers in that lavish way young Americans have, took me to dinner and a theatre, and finally escorted me to the ship.

I thanked him warmly when we said good-bye, and he held my hand in his for rather a long while.

"There's no thanks due from you to me," he said. "I would have done as much for any friend of your brother—let alone his sister. I owe him . . . a lot more now than I did before."

His earnestness made me a little uneasy, and I tried to change the subject, laughing about the weather reports, which were a little discouraging for a poor sailor. He did not seem to hear me. He said: "Write to me sometimes. *Please*!" Then he was gone.

ACTUALLY it was he who wrote to me. I did not cross by a very fast ship, and so his first letter was waiting for me when I got home. And there were many others to which I replied with some reserve. For though I liked Jack very much, I knew little about him, and did not expect ever to meet him again.

For instance, I did not even know that he was married until he wrote to tell me that his little daughter was making a trip to London with her aunt, and he hoped that they might visit me.

Of course, I was glad for them to do so. Stella, the daughter, was a pretty child, nicely behaved, but shy and queerly remote. I did not like the aunt, Jack's sister, though there was no reason not to do so. We only saw them twice while they were over here.

Some months later Jack wrote to me again and said that he was coming to London on business, and he wanted very much to see me.

Mother told me we must ask him to spend a week-end with us at least, for we lived in the country not very far from London itself

He came, and won mother's heart at once, for he could make himself very charming to old ladies as well as young.

It was in the summer, and after dinner he sat with me in the garden. We were talking of quite indifferent things, and I could not understand the unreasonable agitation that began to oppress me.

Suddenly he took my hand and began to speak in a low, urgent voice.

"You must know why I have come over here, Betty," he said. "I love you. I have loved you from the very moment I met you in New York. My divorce will be through in a few months, and I want you to marry me."

I was frightened and horrified. I have, or did have at that time, strong views about divorce, and I told him that nothing on earth would induce me to marry a divorced man, and least of all one who might be seeking a divorce on my account.

"Those things just don't matter, sweetheart," he said. "Not if you love me. I'd marry *you* if you were a murderess instead of a little English saint."

But I didn't love him. I was half-angry and half-sorry, but I told him the truth. It was then that his face flushed and he clung to my hand and began pleading like a spoilt boy.

"Don't go back on me, Betty," he implored. "If you only knew how I loved you! If you only knew what I have suffered! My life has been one long misery. My mother died when I was only a baby. Dad was mad enough to marry one of the maids, and I ran away from home when I was twelve.

"But I made good, Betty, in spite of everything! Then, when I wasn't much older than you are, I married the wrong woman. I can't talk about her to you. She was . . . inhuman . . . to me and the child. I have a right to freedom. Am I to have no hope of joy in life? You are my one chance of happiness. For God's sake don't turn me down!"

He was so tragic and so urgent and I was so fond of him—so sorry for him, too—that I could not bear to leave him quite despairing. And I stroked his dark hair and held his head against my heart and hushed him almost like a child. My eyes were wet with tears when I ran indoors at last.

For days we argued and talked. I showed him round London as he had shown me a little round New York. Mother was entirely on his side, and at last he wore down my resistance and I promised to marry him when the divorce was completed. When he was with me I persuaded myself that I loved him; when he had gone, fear and doubt returned.

MOTHER fell ill soon after Jack had sailed for New York again. I wrote to tell him that I could not leave her. He cabled back: "Darling, of course you can't. I can wait."

For a full year he wrote to me almost every day. On my birthday flowers and presents came for me in a long succession, all ordered by cable. No woman could help being touched by such devotion.

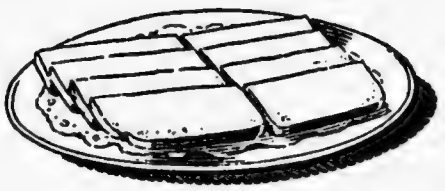
When my mother was well again I wrote to tell him that I was ready to go out to him.

Even then circumstances were against us. I could not get a permit to go to the States to get married. We were held up for months, and I began to feel, superstitiously, that Fate was against our marriage.

Jack had no such doubts. He arranged finally for us to be married in Canada and to cross the border afterwards. We spent our honeymoon near the Great Lakes, and if I was not wildly happy I was at least content—glad to see the great change in him; fondly glad to see my spoilt, handsome husband so boyishly happy.

It wasn't until we were living together in his New York apartment that I began

(*Continued on page 24*)



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JOE. BROWN

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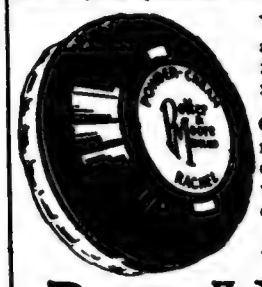

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CHAINED *to a* MADMAN—*(Continued from page 22)*

Love turns to Hate

to be worried about the little girl. Jack had told me that Stella was at boarding-school, but there was no talk of her coming home for the holidays and he grew angry when I asked questions and he tried to put me off. His manner was so curious that I persisted, and suddenly his face darkened and he spoke in a strange harsh voice.

The child was in a mental hospital. He said, not meeting my eyes, that there was insanity in her mother's family. I was dreadfully shocked and unhappy, with a sense of foreboding that seemed unreasonable at the time.

A few weeks later I learned the truth, but not from Jack. I discovered that his own father had died in an asylum. I was very frightened and I could not hide my fear from him.

THE change in Jack dated from that discovery. I found him constantly looking at me. I found that he could not bear to have me out of his sight. He gave up all his friends. He spent every minute of his spare time with me and made preposterous scenes if ever I happened to be away from the apartment when he came back from his office.

He was more ardent and devoted than ever, but I found myself gradually beginning to dread his caresses. "Can't you see that I'm *madly* in love with you?" he would say to me, and the word thrilled me with unspeakable terror.

There *was* madness in his love and his jealousy increased rapidly to positive mania. One day at church a dear old deacon of over seventy presented me with a bunch of his prize dahlias. Jack's face was contorted with rage. When we got home he snatched the flowers from me and thrust them into the stove.

Once a perfect stranger opened a door for me in a public store and there was a disgraceful scene. Once, again, an Italian waiter picked up my handkerchief in a restaurant. In a loud voice my husband called me an ugly name.

"Must you drop your handkerchief even for a waiter?" he said fiercely; "Can't you even let a dirty Wop alone?"

THESE scenes happened more often and became more violent. And Jack, with whom generosity had been almost a weakness, suddenly began to stint me of money, hoping, I suppose, that he would chain me to him in that way.

But I had money of my own. I would not spend it then, but the knowledge was a comfort to me. Our life together was becoming intolerable, when one day I had a cable from England advising me of my mother's death.

For a short interval Jack became his normal self again. He had been fond of my mother and he was very tender in his consolation. He booked a cabin for me on the next steamer and saw me off with touching fondness. Hope revived in my heart; I thought that my fear of the hereditary taint had warped my judgment.

But I had not been in England two days before I received a cable from him which completely staggered me. "Blinded!" it read. "Need you urgently." Of course I replied that I was returning at once. What wife with any heart could have done anything else?

HE was not blinded. There was a new gas heater in our bathroom, and, owing to his own carelessness, there had been an explosion. His face was badly burned and the doctors feared that he would lose the sight of his left eye.

He met me with bandaged head, took me into his arms and said bitterly: "Betty, it's your fault. If you hadn't left me this would never have happened!"

There was something cruel and demented about the way in which he made this monstrous accusation. My heart sank and I went home with him filled with terror.

I had reason to be afraid because for the next three months our life together was sheer torture to me. His jealousy had become more violent than ever, and I think he really believed that I was to blame for his injured eye.

The strain made me so ill that I had to consult a specialist. He told me that unless I left my husband at once he would not be answerable for the consequences—either to me or to him.

I came home desperate, and that evening I begged Jack to see a neurologist on his own account. The light that flared in his eyes then was quite insane.

"A sweet idea!" he said between clenched teeth. "You want me out of the way and then you can do what you like with other men! But I'm stopping right here, see!"

That day, when he left me for a few minutes, I asked help of my neighbour in the next apartment. I knew the both, although Jack had broken friendship.

"I'm deadly frightened of to-night," I said to them. "Don't go to sleep soon. Listen for me if I should need your help."

They kept their door open on the landing and at midnight they heard a scream. I had fallen into an uneasy sleep and I woke into full consciousness cold with fear. My husband was bending above me, his lips drawn back from his teeth and his expression was a tortured blending of love and hate.

"Blind! Blind!" he whispered, "and it is all your doing! How would you like to be blind, pretty one?"

The neighbours' shouting on the landing and hammering on the front door suddenly caught his attention. The change passed over his face and he lifted his hand to his forehead in a puzzled way.

"Have a heart, you people!" he protested in the most natural way. "What's the matter? A fire or something?"

But I was quite hysterical and shrieked and shrieked until my neighbour's wife put her arms round me and took me back into her own room. Jack did not interfere. He stared after me with puckered brows—a worried, despairful boy who knew that something dreadful had happened and could not understand what.

I HAVE never seen him since that day. Within a fortnight I was home in England again in the small country house which my mother left me.

My husband writes to me by every mail, loving, imploring, piteous letters that go straight to my heart. I am infinitely sorry for him. But I cannot go back. The cloak of romance is threadbare and pity is not strong enough to overcome my terror and repulsion.

If I had ever truly loved him I suppose our story might have ended differently.

DON'T DELAY!

Whoever says or thinks that we are not a laughter-loving nation should watch the amazing flow of applications pouring in to JOHN BULL for "The Great Book of Humour"—the wonderful new Gift Presentation of 50 of the greatest masterpieces of humour ever written.

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Don't miss it! Turn to pages 4 and 5, and, before it is too late, make certain of "The Great Book of Humour."

"The Greatest of These—"

"No Place for Home"

TROUBLES have not come singly to Ruby's mother, who has had a large family to bring up, among them three sets of twins. Ruby, who is nearly four, is the youngest child.

Ruby

Her ex-Service dad has been able to keep in work fairly regularly since the war until three years ago, when his job came to an end, and in spite of unremitting effort, has been out of work ever since. His transitional benefit of 26s. 6d. a week, and 9s. 6d. earned by the eldest boy at home, aged fifteen, has to provide everything for himself, wife and seven children, six of whom are under school-leaving age.

A few weeks ago, Ruby's sister, aged fifteen, the twin of the boy who is at work, suddenly fell ill whilst working at her job. She was taken to hospital, and was found to be suffering from meningitis, from which she died three days later.

* * *

This was a terrible grief to the family, and not only did the girl's death deprive them of her earnings, but additional expenses were entailed, and their rent of 14s. a week fell into arrears. A magistrate's order was made for possession in twenty-eight days, during which time Ruby's mother failed to find suitable rooms.

So, one morning recently, whilst her husband had gone to sign on at the Employment Exchange and she was dressing Ruby, the rest of the children having been packed off, the one to work and the others to school, a man marched in and ordered her and Ruby out, padlocking the door so that they could not return.

Ruby's mother, who has been four times in hospital suffering from bad legs, and is at present waiting for an operation, had to stand about in the street until her children left school, to warn them that they could not return home.

She, with Ruby and the next two youngest, found refuge in a women's hostel, and a married son and daughter provided a temporary shelter for the other children, her husband going to a men's lodging house.

Now Ruby is pleading earnestly to old readers to spare a little money to put them up in rooms again, for her parents bear good characters, and their troubles have come upon them through no fault of their own.

"He who gives without a care," says James Stephens, "shall gather rubies from the air"—an apt quotation for Ruby's appeal.

* * *

Donations earmarked Ruby, and those intended for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL's War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions will be kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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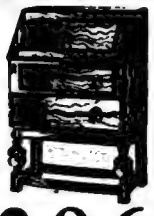

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Human Documents —— by Philip Inman

The Heartless Parent

The father who "walks out," leaving his invalid son to the care of a relative, should not be allowed to go scot free

IN the town of Knaresborough, Yorkshire, where I was born, is the famous dripping well. There, all kinds of things can be seen, such as gloves, hats and shoes, which have been turned into stone by the petrifying water. Life, when it is lived selfishly, is just like that water. People who think about themselves alone have seldom an ounce of sympathy in their make-up. Their hearts become as hard as granite.

One of my letters this week tells of a father who has cruelly neglected his invalid son. Here is the story in the words of the aunt who looks after this young man. You will see that the worry is no small burden to her:

"I would very much appreciate your advice concerning a nephew of mine by marriage who is twenty-five years old and has suffered from tuberculosis all his life. His mother died of consumption when he was very young, and he was dependent on a relative until she too died. Finding none of his people would look after him, I agreed to do so, and I have kept him for about fifteen months.

"His disease makes things very unpleasant at times, and as I have a family of girls I feel it is not healthy for them to be sharing the same home with him. His father is alive, but has taken no interest in him since he remarried seventeen years ago, and has never contributed one penny towards the lad's keep.

"Some time ago the doctor at the hospital told my husband that he should be in an institution, but I took the job on myself as I feel sorry for him."

There is no hardness of heart about this woman. She has done her utmost for that unfortunate young man, but now I think she must consider herself and her family. It is not right that the health of her children should be endangered, and that is what is happening by bringing them in such close contact with infection.

* * *

A DOCTOR has said that this young man should be in an institution. That advice should be followed. I say this not simply from my correspondent's standpoint, but from that of the patient himself. In an institution he would obtain medical treatment and skilled nursing, which with all the good will in the world his aunt cannot give him.

This attitude would also bring his father into the picture. He would not be allowed to get off "scot free" as he has apparently done now for some years. He would be called upon to pay at least part of the cost of his son's maintenance.

My correspondent should have no qualms whatever in taking this step. She would still be able to visit him from time to time. And while safeguarding her home and her family she can continue to take that interest in him which he needs and deserves.

And our relationship to others is the crux of the next problem.

"I want her to do her duty," runs a sentence in this letter. A very fine sentiment indeed. But, as I fear in this case, duty is often imposed upon until it almost becomes slavery. This young man of twenty-six writes:

"I have been keeping company with a young lady for four years and we are now engaged to be married. I am in regular employment and we could manage to live comfortably on the money I earn, but here is the difficulty. My girl has been living with an aged relative, who, for the past few months, has been bedridden, so the duties of nurse and housekeeper have fallen upon her.

"She also looks after other members of the family who are working. My young lady is not in very good health herself, for it isn't twelve months since she came home from a sanatorium. I admit that she has looked and felt well up to the present, but the strain is telling on her now.

"Now this invalid relation thinks the world of her and won't have anyone else to look after her. If my fiancée stays at home she might lose her health again, whereas if she marries she will have every chance of regaining it. Naturally, I want her to do her duty, although I feel she has done her share already."

There seems to be rank imposition in this case. Here is a girl who, twelve months ago, was a patient in a sanatorium. Now for several months she has been acting as nurse to an elderly invalid. Not only that, but as housekeeper she has to look after other members of the family. No wonder she is feeling the strain, and naturally my correspondent is worried on her account.

But he is in a difficult position. If he interferes he may make himself unpopular with that family. And any unpleasantness may react upon his girl. I think this would be the best way to deal with the problem. I advise him to explain matters to the doctor who attended his fiancée on her previous illness. A decision given by him would probably be accepted without challenge. What is more, the girl would not feel that she was shirking her duty if her medical man insisted on her taking things more easily.

* * *

THERE seems no earthly reason why she should do all the work. Those members of the family who are working should contribute so that outside help can be obtained.

That visit to the doctor would have another result. My correspondent is obviously anxious to get married. But in view of his girl's past illness he must make sure that the disease has been completely eradicated. He owes this to her, to himself, and to any children that may be born to them.

My third correspondent is also desperately keen to do her duty. But she is finding that it conflicts with her home ties. Here is her letter:

"I am twenty-nine years old and have been happily married for four years. My husband works six miles from here, so that he cycles twelve miles every day. My old home is also in the t where he is employed.

"Now my mother, who very dear to both my h band and me, has just d leaving two young child a girl of eight and a bo twelve, and I have als brother of twenty. brother and my dad are b working, but as their w are small they are not position to keep a housekeeper. I been offered a most suitable house t to live in near them, so that I can an eye on the children. My husb flatly refuses to go, as he says I shal worked to death.

"I am going for two days a week is, preparing their food and keeping house clean for them. I have to leave own home just before eight each morn and don't get back till nine at ni taking my little boy of eighteen mo with me. I could understand my h band's attitude if I was taking further away from his work, but he w be saving a twelve-mile journey every

"He certainly has his interests here, he belongs to the village band, but could cycle over for the two nights in week. My husband seems to think I am putting my family before him, that is not true."

* * *

I CAN understand quite well how girl feels. For her mother's she is anxious that the old h should be kept going. She is concer about her father and brother and particular for those two children. she must remember the duty she owe her husband and child. Already must be taxing her strength pr severely with her family responsibili and those two long and heavy days her old home.

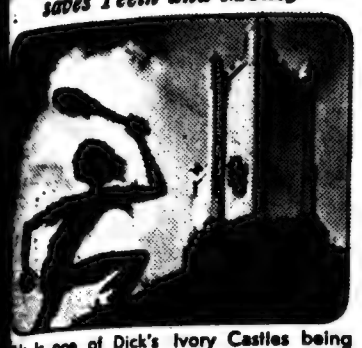
And things might be even worse t better if she moved to that other ho She may be inclined to keep "popp in" at all hours to see that things right. I admire tremendously this g courage and consideration. But must not allow these things to run a with her judgment.

Surely her father and brother, though their wages be small, can all to pay a little for the services o working housekeeper? There are know motherly souls who in return a good home would undertake work this kind. My correspondent's husb also, in order to save his wife's t and strength, may be willing to con bute a little towards the expenses.

Let this girl go over and see her fa by all means, but in doing so she m not neglect her husband and home.

Send your private problems to "Hum ist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W enclosing stamped envelope. £1 is paid for each letter quoted

Mrs. W. finds Gibbs Dentifrice saves Teeth and Money



This is one of Dick's Ivory Castles being overtaken into by Giant Decay because Dick wouldn't clean his teeth properly,

the elves who built the Castle and live inside it are defenceless. Decay will kill them and capture the Castle. But just in time . . .

Dick finds Gibbs Fairies are powerful magic against Decay. Now both children *eagerly* clean their teeth twice daily with Gibbs.

The Dentist mended Dick's tooth and now Gibbs keeps them all sound. Mummie is pleased too, for Gibbs lasts—and lasts.

Gibbs Dentifrice kills decay germs and cleans and polishes teeth to perfection; dissolves and washes away film; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth. Gibbs Dentifrice is best for children; best for grown-ups too. And amazingly economical. Change to Gibbs today.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles defend them with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

NOW IN TWO FORMS.
SOLID CAKES In Tins 7½d, 1/-, 1/6. Refills 11d
TOOTH PASTE In Tubes - - - 6d & 1/-
W. GIBBS & SONS LTD.

£250 FOR ONLY THREE WORDS!

TWO HUNDRED & FIFTY POUNDS FOR THE BEST

NESTLET

SENT IN BY JUNE 14th

£50 SECOND PRIZE	£20 THIRD PRIZE	50 PRIZES OF £1
	100 PRIZES OF 10/-	200 PRIZES OF 5/-

What could you do with two hundred and fifty pounds? Wouldn't it help you to solve all the little problems you have at the moment? A car for the summer, a really splendid holiday, a new home . . .? Well, here's your chance. Only 3 words from you, and a cheque for £250 may be brought to your door by the postman in the next few days. And there are three hundred and fifty-two other prizes, beginning with a splendid 2nd prize of £50 and a 3rd prize of £20!

FASCINATING, OPEN-TO-ALL

To make what may be the winning NESTLET, simply add *three words* to one of the *examples* given, beginning your three words with the same initial letters as the words in the *example*, though not necessarily in the same order. That's all—everyone can enter, and can send in any number of entries. Only aptness, originality and wit in the completed NESTLETS will count in awarding the prizes.

Remember it is not necessary to make your NESTLETS refer to NESTLÉ'S Chocolate. Any apt, witty or original comment on any of the examples may win for you one of the three hundred and fifty-three prizes offered this week and next.

HOW TO MAKE NESTLETS

Take as a specimen one of the *examples* given above —"DOWN IT GOES." The initials D—I—G might suggest "DOES INSIDE GOOD", or again, "GOVERNMENT—IF DIVIDED." So with each of the *examples*, there is some phrase which you can turn into a prize-winning NESTLET. You can send in any number of NESTLETS—with each must be one ½ lb., or two ¼ lbs., or four 2 oz. wrappers from blocks of NESTLE'S Milk Chocolate.

HOW TO WIN

Select first of all one or two *examples* which appeal to you. Write down the first of these on a sheet of paper, and beside it put down the *first letter of each word in the example*. Put these initials down in the same order first of all, and consider them to see what three-word phrase they suggest. Write down at once any phrases that occur to you. Do the same with other combinations of the three letters. With a little practice you will find yourself making better and better phrases. Select and polish your best phrases until you have what you consider a "real winner."

READ THESE RULES FIRST

1 Each NESTLET must be sent in with your name and address and one ½ lb., or two ¼ lbs., or four 2 oz. wrappers from blocks of NESTLE'S Milk Chocolate. You may send in as many NESTLETS as you wish in one envelope but there must be a complete wrapper for each, and at least one entry must be on one of the coupons attached. If extra entries are sent, each sheet of paper must bear name and address.

2 All NESTLETS will be examined. The judges appointed by the makers of NESTLE'S Chocolate will award the first prize of £250 for the NESTLET which in their opinion is the best - 6d. Britain and N. Ireland.

aptness, originality and wit being the sole tests. The second and third prizes and the remaining 350 awards will be given in order of merit.

3 The decision of the judges appointed by the makers of NESTLE'S CHOCOLATE on all matters relating to NESTLETS is final and legally binding and acceptance of this is a condition of entry.

NESTLETS for this competition must be received not later than June 14th, and must be addressed to:—"Nestlets" Competition Dept. J.B.1., Silvertowne Road, Battersea, S.W.2. This competition applies only in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.

USE THESE EXAMPLES

NESTLÉ'S MILK CHOCOLATE	AT THE PICTURES
RICH CREAMY BLOCK	IN THE CAR
CRAMMED WITH GOODNESS	ALWAYS THE SAME
GIVES EVERYONE JOY	EASILY FIRST FAVOURITE
MOTHER'S ONLY WEAKNESS	EVERYONE WANTS SOME
FATHER'S SPECIAL CHOICE	DOWN IT GOES
DELIGHTS THE CHILDREN	THE ONLY TRAGEDY
ON SATURDAY NIGHT	GONE TOO SOON

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

COUPON NO. 1

Example .....

"Nestlet" .....

I agree to abide by the rules of the competition.

J.B. 1.

Name .....

Address .....

COUPON NO. 2

Example .....

"Nestlet" .....

I agree to abide by the rules of the competition.

J.B. 1.

Name .....

Address .....

choc full of goodness!

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SONGO

PREVENTS SEASICKNESS

and Sickness, by bus, car, train or air. Greatest discovery yet; guaranteed in every case. Tiny, tasteless capsules, boxes 1/3 and 3/6. Any Chemist can supply SONGO, or obtain it for you in 24 hours. VANDER, Ltd., Pitt Street, Glasgow.

SPECIAL OFFER OF
Broom's International Physical Culture Course
—for only 1/- a week!

Get full particulars of this offer by filling in the coupon on p. 33 for free literature and proof of results.

YOU TOO CAN CURE
RHEUMATISM

My patient has been taking URACE brand TABLETS as directed, and wishes me to say her Rheumatism has almost gone. She says they are like a tonic F.R——, District Nurse. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

WHAT EVERY YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW

A Mother's Advice

"You must not get upset," I said. "This happens to many young girls. They often make matters worse by doing the wrong thing." She knew I had guessed the secret of her shame. Enlarged pores, blackheads and a muddy, sallow complexion made her feel like an outcast.

"To definitely get rid of complexion defects—clear, whiten and beautify the skin, there is just one simple, easy and inexpensive way. Get today a jar or tube of Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. Apply every morning, before powdering. Its precious, purifying, tonic and astringent ingredients act like magic on the worst looking skin and complexion. You will be enchanted at your new loveliness within only 3 days."

This simple recipe has brought welcome relief and happiness to many a young girl—as most mothers well know. Success is guaranteed with Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood or money refunded.

TOP MILL MENTHOL SNUFF

There's room in every hiker's kit for a tin of Top Mill. A pinch every three or four miles braces you up wonderfully, with its invigorating freshness.

J. & H. WILSON LTD. SHEFFIELD

FALSE TEETH

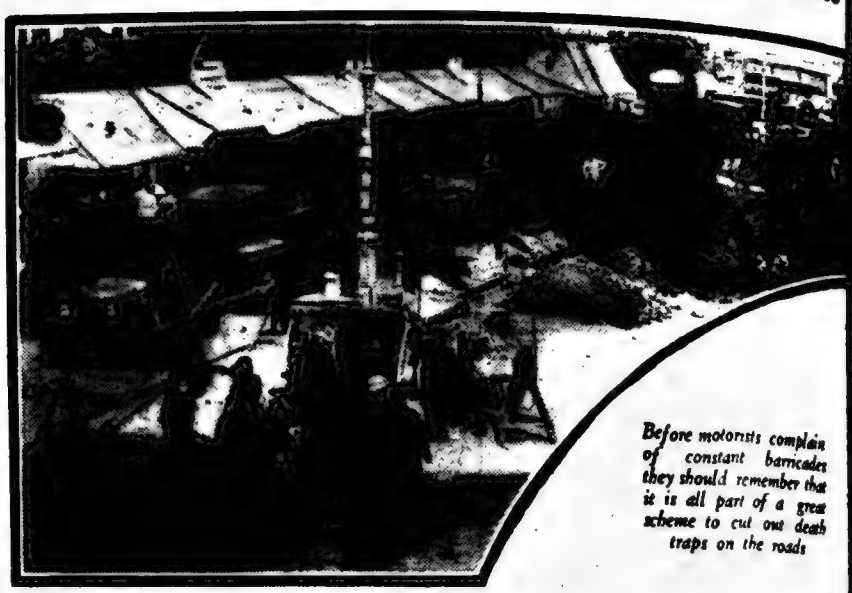
CLEAN AND HYGIENIC

Immersion in an antiseptic solution is not enough. Kolynos Denture Powder ensures absolute cleanliness and the complete removal of all stains.

KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER

IN PATENT SPRINKLER TINS 1/- OF ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

Mending the ROAD MAP of Death



Before motorists complain of constant barricades they should remember that it is all part of a great scheme to cut out death traps on the roads

BRITISH road-users are puzzled and not a little angry! Whatever route they take they can't avoid the trestles, hutments, poles and braziers of the road gangs.

Barricades waylay them on every open stretch. It is just as if there is an official conspiracy to delay them. . .

Naturally they are wondering why we couldn't have had all this road-patching done during the winter months, before the rush of traffic began, instead of leaving it for this time of the year.

What they don't realise is that these are no ordinary road operations that could be done any old time, but that they represent a gigantic Five-Year-Plan to get rid, at a total cost of £200,000,000, of the bottle-necks, S-bends and other death-traps in which our highways abound.

In short, the local authorities of the Kingdom have embarked on the biggest scheme of road improvement in our history.

WHAT is this colossal scheme on which such an immense sum is to be spent? To realise the real immensity of it one has to bear in mind that since 1931, when the Government called a halt to road improvement in the secred name of economy, British roads have steadily been going from bad to worse.

We shelved urgent road schemes totalling £45,000,000 in the mad economy days—although our roads abounded with death-traps for which we are still paying heavy toll, as our road casualty figures show.

Lorry drivers have been taking their heavy cargoes across weak bridges at peril to their lives. Blind corners have gathered an almost weekly toll of life and limb. There has been a death every three weeks, throughout a whole twelve months, over a two-miles stretch of the Chester Road near Sale.

Now that something has got to be done, we have started this Five Years' Plan to remove the mistakes in road-building we have been perpetuating for hundreds of years.

The various local authorities that are to spend this colossal sum effacing the errors of the past are to draw up to 60 per cent. of the cost from the Road Fund, the pool accumulated from the taxes paid by motorists.

See how the Ministry of Transport organises the expenditure of this huge sum. First it sends its divisional road engineers along to see the various local authorities, to find out from them what they regard as the worst danger spots and to ascertain what particular improvements they, from their own choice, would like to put in hand.

Now the experts consider the schemes for which Road Fund grants are sought.

Before them is a large road map of Britain dotted with little crosses—each cross representing a recent road fatality at the spot represented on the map. It is what officialdom knows as the Map of Death.

Where these crosses are thickest they see drastic constriction of the roads, called "bottle-necks," or perilous S or U bends. Tracing all the British roads with the exception of those laid straight and true by our Roman conquerors and those built as main arteries since the war, they notice these winds and bends along the whole length.

Now they realise what a huge problem confronts them. Those tortuous twistings tell them that British roads were made wrong from the very start, and that it is up to them, if they are to carry out their burning ambitions, to make our roads safe, to remove the errors of centuries.

You know those bends. How often you have had to leap for your life when a car has come charging round one of them.

HOW did they get there! Well, they were tramped out by the feet of men and hooves of cattle long before the Romans came. If there was a tree in the way, man and beast went round it. If there was a pond, they made a wider diversion. They came across a well, and so they walked round a U to avoid it.

The Romans came and built roads straight and true. They returned home, leaving their wonderful roads as an example we might well have followed, like the French and others who were conquered just as we were.

Did we copy them, like other nations? No, we went on walking round wells, ponds and trees, throwing down stones to provide a harder top-surface when wheels came into wider use, and so perpetuated those crazy winding roads that were never designed at all but just—like Topsy—happened.

The trees were chopped down. The ponds were drained away. The we dried up. In "the good old British wa we went on walking or riding rou trees, ponds and wells that were longer there, pressing down those ro with steam-rollers when Stevenson vented the steam-engine, and then, wh the motor-car era had dawned, we pu stronger surface on them and left th for the travellers of the new Petrol A

Remember that, whenever you stee car round a dangerous bend, in act fact you are going round an obstruct that is no longer there, that probab disappeared many centuries ago.

The Ministry of Transport's expe have those facts in mind when th study the reports in connection w the nation's £200,000,000 Five-Year-Pl

Well, here is Middlesex asking perm sion to spend £5,000,000 on roads dur the next five years, Kent £4,500,0 Surrey £4,030,000, and other coun proportionate amounts down to Carm then's £319,329. They get permissio and a blessing in the form of a gra very readily when it is seen how m of these age-old abominations are t wiped away.

Newcastle wants to spend £3,00 Glasgow £1,250,000, Plymouth £50 Leeds £500,000. Bath wants to thro a new bridge every year throughout five years. Scores of other cities towns join in. Brixton, wanting widen its main road to the heart London, is lucky. Alongside is s ground which could never be built because it was set aside for allotm when we thought Napoleon w besiege Britain.

EXPERTS who really know the c causes of road accidents, and were against the Governme economy road cuts, are delighted by the proposals for straight, wide and roads, and the applicants are more li to get the full grant where they effacing the mistakes that our f fathers made.

Brighton wants to say good-bye to worst bottle-neck at a cost of £10,000 local authority says the Roehamp Lane bottle-neck must go. Chis High Road, venue of old-time high men, must be widened in view of many fatal accidents there. Follow a coroner's criticisms of a corner Wrexham, the Denbighshire Co Council thinks something should done. High Wycombe says: "What a that death-trap on the main Lond Oxford road?"

Glasgow speaks of a dangerous bri Darlington of the risks at famous Sc Corner, where you "Turn Left for S land." Lincolnshire wonders about perilous open dykes, centuries old. wonders whether closed pipes wou be better.

Will they make for greater safety they will, a substantial grant is ass

And here is where *you* can play a

If you know of a dangerous road should be made safer, tell your authority about it. It is up to it something now that local author have wakened to the fact that econ on national highways is no economy all.

The worst death-traps are to go But even after an expenditure £200,000,000 there will still be plenty so badly did our forefathers plan.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

SUSSEX AND SURREY COURIER:—"He was stopped for having no reflecting mirror on his car."

DIME WESTERN STORY MAGAZINE:—"CRASH after CRASH of chain lightning flashed through the wet night."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"Other arrests are expected and many HORSES in the outskirts have been searched."

ACCRINGTON WEEKLY NEWS:—"The father expressed appreciation of the CAR and attention given his son."

HOBBIES WEEKLY:—"I asked my dear old grandfather over there in the corner to lend me a couple of clay PIES."

THE DONCASTER GAZETTE:—"Mrs. —— presided at the organ and played WEDDING music."

GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN:—"In my young day we FRIED our squibs only on the King's Birthday."

COLNE AND NELSON TIMES:—"The most productive over of the match as yet, yielding seven SUNS."

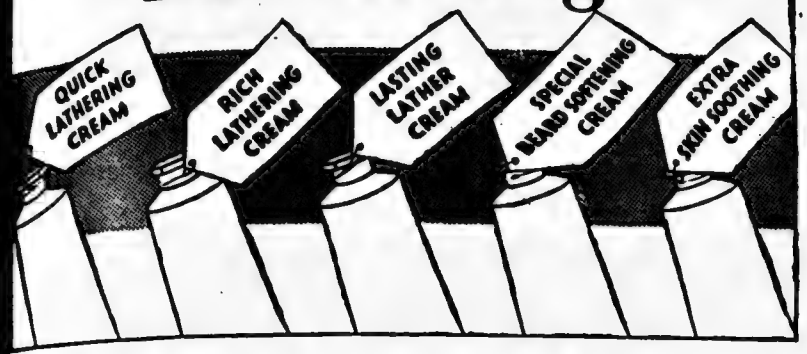
TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"... received their bank books and the handsome china mug, the gift of the MAJORESS."

CLACTON TIMES AND EAST ESSEX GAZETTE:—"... also electric potato PEALER."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—"The very sombreness of the clothes enhanced the beauty of the SCONE."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"Astill tossed up one of his wily, well-flighted SNOWS."

Each of these offers you *one* advantage

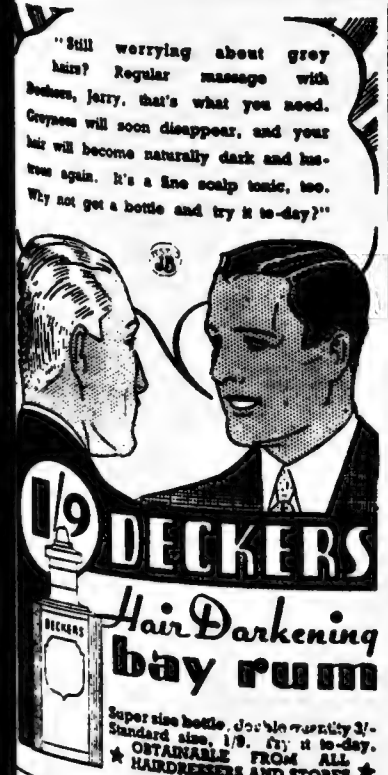


Use Palmolive and have *every* advantage

6D & 1/-

Prices do not apply in I.F.S.

Palmolive Shaving Cream gives you quickly a rich, lasting lather that softens the beard and soothes the skin.


"Still worrying about grey hairs? Regular massage with Beckers, Jerry, that's what you need. Greyness will soon disappear, and your hair will become naturally dark and lustrous again. It's a fine scalp tonic, too. Why not get a bottle and try it to-day?"
1/9
DECKERS
Hair Darkening
bay rum

Super size bottle, double quantity 3/- Standard size, 1/9. Try it to-day.
★ OBTAINABLE FROM ALL HAIRDRESSERS AND STORES ★

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause. Take Carters Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/-

RATIONAL TAILORING

I've had *twice* as many suits this last year!

JENNY: Well, count them yourself. First that flannel suit we chose together before the holidays. A *grand* success.

DONALD: So it was! Better get it pressed ready for Whitsun.

JENNY: Then you wanted a really warm suit in November—those brown tweeds. And the new dinner jacket at Christmas. *And* the blue suit for the office. That's four.

DONALD: But they were well worth it, don't you think? After all, I can afford to do it at The Fifty Shilling Tailors.

JENNY: Of course you can. I love to see you looking so smart and up-to-date. Besides it all proves . . .

DONALD: That you were right, and I was wrong when I said The Fifty Shilling Tailors couldn't possibly live up to their advertisements.

JENNY: Well, you did say they couldn't be expected to give you the cut and style at such a price.

DONALD: Did I? Did I really say that? If only I'd known . . .

JENNY: And you did say, too, that the suits wouldn't last. Well that *certainly* isn't true.

DONALD: Don't rub it in. I'll apologise—both to you *and* The Fifty Shilling Tailors, if you like.

THE FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

For Patterns write to :—

110-111, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2. 42-4, OLDHAM ST., MANCHESTER
84-5, HIGH ST., BIRMINGHAM 21-7, ARGYLE ST., GLASGOW

OVER 250 DEPOTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS

Proprietors: Prices Tailors Limited

INDIGESTION AND STOMACH PAINS

Stopped in 5 minutes!

Relief—*quick* relief—is your one overwhelming necessity when suffering the pains of indigestion. That is why leading medical authorities—specialists, doctors, hospitals — recommend and specify 'Bisurated' Magnesia for even the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia, acid stomach and gastritis.

They know (for they are in touch with the latest developments in medical practice) that recent X-ray tests and medical research have proved the ingredients of 'Bisurated' Magnesia to be the quickest-acting and the most effective known to medical science.

Make sure that your next attack of stomach pain or discomfort, whatever the cause, finds you prepared to stop it *within five minutes.* Get a 1/3d. bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist *now.* Ask for 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA and you will get what you need — there is only *one* 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA.

SPEEDILY CLEANS OVENS
Every part spotless —no smell—big tin 1/- If grocer or ironmonger hasn't SCO, send his name and address with yours to SCO, 72, Smedley Street, London, S.W.8, for generous FREE SAMPLE.
BIG TIN—1
NO SMELL SAFE IN USE CLEANS GRIDS BURNERS SHELVES ALL

Thick, Strong Wavy New Hair

Co. KILKENNY.

Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued, and the hair is now thick and lustrous and is a thick mass of waves and more healthy looking.

M. J. MURPHY.

Are YOU Losing Hair ?

Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using Kotalko. It re-grows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and poisonous and malodorous grease, softening the hardening scalp, and restoring its healthful circulation. Kotalko nourishes and feeds the hair organism, reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald, use or copy the coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
9, Percy Street (536.B.), London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO, and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

STORM *over the* *Jubilee* Crowns

A worker at the Mint—where the gold crowns were made—weighing out ordinary florins

AMONG the millions of people to whom the Royal Jubilee is now a happy memory there are twenty-five who will always have a special reason to remember it.

They are the lucky men and women of a variety of callings—there is a butcher, a banker and a clerk among them—whose names came out of the hat in the Royal Mint's ballot to distribute the twenty-five gold crowns it had struck to commemorate the great event that gladdened a whole Empire.

They, and 1,304 other wise applicants, had the foresight to rush their cheques for £50 to the Mint immediately they heard that a special issue of crown-pieces was to be made in accordance with tradition.

They had the common-sense to realise that the value was bound to go up, even if they didn't know enough about the currency to realise that the crown is the Royal coin, so to speak, and that a special issue has often been struck as a tribute to a monarch.

Then they had the luck of the draw at the little ceremony conducted by the Deputy-Master and two other Mint officials and a Treasury representative.

And so to-day, having read the advertisement of a collector who is prepared to pay £2,000 for one of these £50 coins, they can afford to laugh not only at the forty million people who didn't apply but the stir that has followed inside and outside the House of Commons as well.

Unspendable

What indignation has been aroused at the fact that the Mint has virtually put £1,950 in each of twenty-five pockets—and has picked the lucky winners by approved sweepstake methods at that! The Treasury officials responsible, who, after all, were only following well-worn precedent in the matter, must be reflecting on the problem: "Other days, other ways."

How were they to anticipate trouble in deciding to issue those twenty-five gold crowns—which are unspendable as money, by the way? And they little knew it, but they were adding to their troubles when they issued 2,500 silver crowns as well at 7s. 6d. each, some of which have already changed hands at as much as £6.

But it is all because Members of Parliament don't see why a Government which has set itself so firmly against sweepstakes should run what appears to them to be a sweepstake in connection with its coinage.

Let us examine these coins that have caused all the hubbub.

Those for which such fabulous prices as £2,000 are being offered have about £10 worth of gold in them and are the size of the ordinary five-shilling piece, which they resemble on the side bearing the King's head.

The other side portrays a modern conception of St. George's fight with the dragon, which represents the eternal war between Right and Wrong. And round the edges, instead of milling, is the inscription: "Decus et Tutamen. Anno Regni XXV." ("An ornament and a safeguard. 25th Year of Reign.")

The 2,500 silver pieces are of the same design, differing only in the metal used. And, in addition to those two issues, there is another that has caused no heart-burning at all. The Mint intends to make ordinary crown-pieces up till December 31, fulfilling the demands of everybody who wants a memento of this kind of the Jubilee.

Ever since the days of Edward I crown-pieces have been regarded as a tribute to kings, so that all lovers of tradition, whatever views they may have of sweepstake methods of distribution, will agree that our present King deserves a bigger tribute than is represented by the mere £523 15s. worth that bear his head—ordinary crowns issued nearly ten years ago.

One of the most interesting crowns ever minted was the "Oxford Crown," as it is known to collectors, issued as a tribute to Charles I. A specimen was sold recently for £210.

There is a special interest for lovers of London in the coin, for the King is portrayed as can be seen to-day in the equestrian statue at Charing Cross, which, indeed, inspired its designer. And lovers of the ancient city of Oxford will admire the view of the University city which is a background to the figure of Charles, and which inspired the name "Oxford Crown."

Even more interesting, historically, is the "Petition Crown," designed for Charles II. One of those fetched £510 in recent years.

Thomas Simon, the English coin designer of those days, was in distress because he had been dismissed, and our currency was being designed by the Dutch. He wanted to make his appeal to the king, and what better way of doing it than by designing a five-shilling piece as his masterpiece and inscribi his prayer on the side of it?

This he did, the prayer readin "Thomas Simon most humbly pr your Majesty to compare this, his t piece, with the Dutch, and if more t drawn and embossed, more graceful ordered and more accurately engra to relieve him."

Not only was the king delighted w the coin but he approved it as it w complete with prayer. Thomas got job again. And to-day the coin is of the most novel to be seen in sale-room.

Not the most novel, however. T distinction, perhaps, belongs to Spanish dollars or "pieces of eig that were seized by British sailors, s to London and then heavily ov stamped with the head of the ki when—hey presto!—they were ready issue as British crown-pieces.

The coin that caused the trouble

—Then the rumpus

George III and George IV were ordinately proud of the crowns str to commemorate their reigns. Qu Victoria had three different issues 1844, 1845 and 1847, and then no o until 1887, when her Jubilee crowns w minted.

King Edward rejoiced at the spe issue in connection with his coronat —and then the five-shilling piece seem to fall into disfavour.

As a result, King George V. ard lover of coins and stamps that he is never been able to see his head on m than a few ordinary five-shilling pie Not until just before his Jubilee did a one think of paying him the tribute a special issue.

Then somebody hit on the idea o *gold* crown—just 25 of them, min specially for collectors. The question how to distribute them was settled holding a ballot. Members of Par ment wondered how the Governm could reconcile such a function w their own views on sweepstakes—an rumpus followed.

The merits or demerits of that ar question apart.

If ever a king deserved a tribute coinage, that king is George V.

Those twenty-five people who will themselves better off to the tune £1,950 if they decide to sell at the ad tised price may count themselves wis and lucky.

ISLE OF MAN
FOR HAPPY HOLIDAYS
AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION
£300 in PRIZES
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About Your Indigestion

... *Is your trouble*

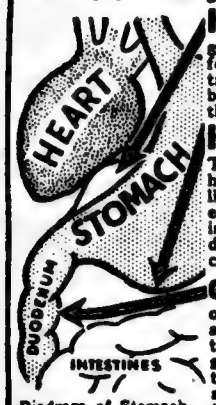

Diagram of Stomach, Intestines and Heart.

HERE Painful distension of the stomach by gases from fermenting food. Excess acidity is the trouble. Flatulence, heartburn and palpitation are the symptoms.

HERE Inflamed or ulcerated stomach. The continual action of hot stomach acids on the lining of a weak stomach eventually causes painful inflammation (gastritis or dyspepsia), and in extreme cases, stomach ulcers.

or HERE Duodenal ulcers. Excess outpouring of stomach acids attack the lining of the duodenum. Agonising gnawing pain is the symptom. This pain often disappears after a meal, only to recur with agonising intensity shortly afterwards.

De Witt's Antacid Powder **Firstly** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

Secondly the Colloidal Kaolin protects the inflammation or ulcers in the stomach from the burning acids, but allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder regulates the system so that you can digest your food. There is no excess acidity and pains vanish.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

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If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

WEAK KIDNEYS

If everyone realised how vitally important to general health was the natural, healthy working of the kidneys, not one case of kidney weakness would go a day untreated. Every drop of blood in your system must pass through the kidneys, there to be filtered of all impurities and poisons—chief among them being uric acid.

If the kidneys are too weak to discharge this duty properly, the blood stream carries the uric acid all over the body. This uric acid will then form jagged crystals that settle in joints, causing painful swellings, stiffness, and finally the stabbing agony of rheumatism. Or the crystals may actually lodge in the bladder, and give rise to gravel, stone or chronic inflammation.

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Kidney weakness, which can be easily recognised by backache, heaviness and general lassitude, should be treated at once with De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills.

They act directly on the kidneys, toning them up and assisting them to clear the blood stream of impurities. That the soothing, healing elements in De Witts Pills actually reach the kidneys will be proved to you within 24 hours. Ordinary pills do not penetrate to the seat of the trouble—so insist on genuine De Witts Pills in the blue and gold packet. Price 1/-, or the larger, more economical size, 5/-.

DE WITTS

BRAND

KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

For Rheumatism, Backache, etc.

Nightmare danger lurks on many lovely beaches. Wherever you may be, walk warily

The Sands of PERIL

THE other day twenty sturdy Gloucestershire fishermen had a nightmare experience that they will never forget while there is breath in their bodies.

Shouts drew their attention to a spot on the sands where one of their colleagues was standing erect with his legs entirely gone from view. Running towards him, the sands beneath them sucking in sinister fashion at their feet as they ran, as if seeking to devour them, they saw him sink to his waist and then to his chest, and finally caught the flutter of a hand before he was lost to view.

Within three minutes of realising the peril he was in this magnificent athlete—he had played scrum-half at Rugby and was more than a match for most men at half a dozen games—had been swallowed up as if in the giant maw of some fearsome monster.

The sands of death—quicksands—had claimed another victim.

Not a summer season passes without this most sinister of all Death's lieutenants reaping his harvest, and nearly always his victims are people in the full flush of health and strength.

True there are comparatively few such cases round the foreshore of Great Britain, which, after all, is the safest playground in the whole world, Yet they are all too many.

Three years ago there was a dreadful tragedy off the Somerset coast, not many miles from Bristol.

Only a hand . . .

Four people—two men and two girls—had motored out to bathe. One of the men remained in the car while his three companions ventured out to test a particularly inviting stretch of water.

A shout, and in a second he was the agonised victim of a scene too awful to imagine, of three dear friends being slowly eaten up before his eyes until only a hand remained and then that, too, disappeared from view.

He rushed out in a valiant effort to save them—but the quicksands eat too greedily. He could but pull in vain at a disappearing arm.

Not many miles from Dymchurch the boys of an orphan school, who were on a visit to the sea, made a human chain in an attempt to save one of their number, but, sobbing as they pulled, they saw him disappear as completely as if he had never existed. The police used an aeroplane in an effort to find the body—and failed.

Some miles distant from Burnham-on-Sea, however, and about the same time, a human chain was instrumental in saving a whole family of three, father, mother and little daughter, when all that remained visible of the woman was the forearm.

And that recalls the story of a little hero and heroine who figured in a real life drama of the quicksands of the Firth of Forth only two years ago.

A young girl in her early teens had gone paddling with two babies just old enough to toddle. Removing their shoes, she was soon sharing with them the joys of dragging tingling feet through the surf.

On and on they walked across firm sands, and then, suddenly, the girl felt her soles gripped as if in strong hands, and discovered to her horror that she was slowly sinking.

Frantically she beat round with her hands to get a grip on firmer sand, only to find there was none within reach. Looking at her two tiny charges she discovered that they were being swallowed up, too. She shouted for help at the top of her voice, and then gathered the babies in her arms.

The added weight, she could tell in a moment, was driving her faster and faster into the dreadful morass, like a heavier succession of hammer-blows on the head of a nail. Her knees disappeared, her thighs, and then came a shout of "Hold on, I'm coming."

And there, running over the firm sands towards her, was a strong and determined-looking youth.

He reached her when she was submerged up to the chest, but still holding the babies in her arms. All her energies, in fact, were devoted to keeping their heads as high as her fast-disappearing strength would permit.

He felt round for firm sand and planted his feet on it. He reached out and wrested the infants from her grasp one by one. Then, leaning forward, he grasped her round the chest.

Forced to yield

For what seemed like an eternity he pulled, as if in a tug-of-war with some subterranean demon. Then slowly his strength began to tell. Faster and faster, but always grudgingly, the quicksands were forced to yield, and the final hiss they gave when he tore the girl away from their grasp might have been a hiss of dismay at losing their victims.

These are but instances of the many efforts made by the quicksands of the British coast to reap their dreadful harvest, and which all too often are successful.

Yet if holidaymakers really knew what to do, the danger is not very big.

To begin with, quicksands have no power to suck their victim down, as so many people believe. They are but sand and water mixed into a slime into which heavy bodies can sink rapidly, but which unfortunately have the same appearance as the firmer sand around.

And so if any person getting into them keeps calm and does not struggle he should only sink to his chest, the sand increasing the floating power of the water.

That suction myth comes from the fact that ships have sometimes got held by sands as if in a vice and the tide has arisen around them until they have been submerged, which suggests to the crew that they have been slowly drawn down.

To avoid such a nightmare experience as some we have described, all you have to do is to avoid districts where quicksands are prevalent, usually at the mouths of rivers.

Then always pay due respect to warning notices. There is hardly a foreshore round the British coast liable to quicksands that is not plainly labelled as dangerous.

And *don't struggle.*

If you should see anybody in difficulties seize any planks you can find immediately to hand, if they should be available. Throw them forward one after another to use them as stepping stones, and finally work one under the armpit of the sinking person.

Cause of it all

A plank will bear almost any weight if laid flat on these sands of death.

Finally, remember that that stretch of sand labelled "Dangerous" which was firm yesterday may quite well be quicksands to-day. The explanation of how quicksands are caused will show why.

At most places the sea drains off the beach as the tide recedes, enabling the sands to set into a firm and solid mass.

At some parts of the coast, however, there is a substrata of hard clay beneath the sand, through which water will not drain. And if that layer of clay dips into a saucer, it is obvious that it will continue to hold sea-water long after the tide has gone out.

Over such a saucer as that the sand may set into what appears to be a firm mass. But just beneath the surface, perhaps only half an inch down, there is the perilous mixture of sand and water which we call quicksands, which has been devouring human beings since man first gathered up courage to walk down to the sea.

Then there are mock quicksands which can be equally as perilous. You will find them on the strip of sands between the shore and a high peak of sand, due to the drainage of water from the peak to the lowest surrounding point.

So walk warily, wherever you may be on sands to which you are unaccustomed, whether you see a danger notice-board or not.

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If you keep poultry you should read *The Feathered World* for expert advice and news. Its marketing service gives just the information about prices and demand that every smallholder requires. It is on sale every Friday, price 2d.

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THE advertisements I have published recently have staggered the P.C. World. Time after time I have obtained results on the International Course which have never before been expected from a Course either in facts or figures.

Facts and figures, even in tabulated form, can be very boring, but in the undermentioned cases they are definitely startling; they must pull you up short and compel you to glance at them again with interest. The following, for example, tells a dramatic and sensational story . . .

FACTS AND FIGURES

I first proved the International Course on myself and added 3 st. to my own body-weight, which had stood still for 20 years and 30 in. in development in one year.

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My pupil, N. Bourne, defied the century-old bogy and lifted the famous Blue Stone for the first time in 100 years . . . and receives the Broom Silver Cup. I showed four cases where the International Course had saved life—not my words, but thankful fathers, doctors and Press reports, etc. . . . **not luck, but results.**

I gave figures in the shape of Accountants' certificates and a batch of 11,563 testimonials have been certified by the Editor of "H. & S." and Accountants. At the present time I have a bale of testimonials on the rail and I have been compelled to set up a room specially for the filing of testimonials . . .

This course also has the praise of its competitors. Mr. Ed. Aston gave me a wonderful testimonial, which I have published . . .

85 per cent of the pupils report satisfied after the first lesson alone, and the Course is the only one in the world WITH A REAL GUARANTEE (WRITTEN). Also my After-Sales Free Service is the LAST WORD in making the failure of the Course impossible.

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The Editor of "Health and Strength" says: "Such proof of a Physical Culture Course has never before been seen at these Offices and we take the opportunity of publicly stating this fact. Some of the letters are really amazing—one pupil reports a gain of 40 in., etc., etc. Congratulations, Mr. Broom."

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Editor of "Superman" says: "Every day large numbers of testimonials are being received at Broom Hall. Mr. Broom is at a loss to know how to inform readers of the wonderful results he is achieving."

Editor of "Boxing" says: "That Mr. Broom's claims are by no means exaggerated is proved to the hilt by the fact that he has 5,697 testimonials, every one of which is vouched for by a Chartered Accountant's Certificate. There can be no better evidence of the genuineness of the Course than this."

In spite of all the above I have not yet started to give Readers proof.

See this marvellous Result of Training on the **INTERNATIONAL COURSE.**

The Broom International Course consists of six monthly lessons. New apparatus is sent, including a new type of Spring Grip Dumb-bells, a new Leg Exerciser, a new Neck Exerciser . . . All Steel Expander and a Roller Weight Outfit . . .

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If you are interested and would like to investigate further, write for full details of this Course. **SENSATIONAL PHOTOS FREE.** Write for "The International Way," FREE.

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Please forward, without obligation, full literature of your International Course and photo prints of yourself and your son Eric to—

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Please write in Block Letters. J.B.

Here are a Few Testimonials Taken at Random from Thousands:

J. E. PEACH: Have increased all round with 6lb. increase in weight.

G. Brown, Rotherham: I have gained 8 in. extra.

E. Carrington: I wish to say that your course is doing me more good than all others I have tried. My weight has jumped up by 6 lb. and I am better than I have ever experienced.

J. Shackle, Keighley: It is really marvellous. My weight has increased 10 lb. and my measurements are increasing all round.

J. Farrely, Margate: Increases 8 lb. in weight and 12 in. in muscular development.

J. T. Carrick: Increases 10 in. and 8 lb. in weight.

L. D. O. Lee Gledhill, Halifax: Increases 12 lb. in weight.

S. Oliver, Lincoln: Gains 1½ in. chest 1 in on each bicep and 100 per cent. improvement.

R. G. Stradman, Anfield: Gained 1 st. 6 lb. in weight, 3½ in chest, 1 in. biceps, 2 in. thigh and 3 in. calves.

L. Rose, Nottingham: Gained 2 st., 3 in. each bicep, 5 in. chest, 1½ in neck, 2 in. forearm.

E. Harvey, Birmingham: Increases in 21 days 11 lb., biceps 1½ in., etc., etc.

W. H. Spencer, Chesterfield: Gained 4 lb. in weight, ½ in. chest, 1 in each bicep.

R. McNeff, North Kensington: I have not only gained huge measurements but robust health. Gained 7 lb in weight, 3½ in. chest, 1 in. neck, 2 in. each bicep, 1½ in. forearm.

L. D. Smith, Plaistow: I have spent over £30 and tried most courses, but I have got ten times the results with you for 30 -.

C. W. Turner, Consett: In the past month I have put on another 1 in. on biceps and chest, 1½ in. on forearms. What the results will be like after six months of this course I can only guess.

P. A. Strutman, London: I am getting excellent results. Have developed 1 st in weight.

L. C. O. Weir, Bedford: I have gained 15 lb. in weight. My club mates tell me that I have put on more in three months with you than they in three years with other courses.

B. Pons: Increases 1 st. and ½ lb. and other measurements.

F. A. James, Parkstone: Gained 7 lb. in weight, chest, neck and forearm and wrist increases 2 in.

Gordon G. Lowe, Sittingbourne: Increases in three weeks, 11 lb. in weight, chest 3 in., biceps 1½ in., forearm 1½ in.

L. Peacock, Mirfield: Gained 7 lb. in weight and all round increase.

C. H. Foster, Dagenham: Increased 21 in. . . . gives the BEST COURSE IN THE WORLD.

W. H. Buttais, Rotherhithe: Increased 18 in. and 15 lb. in weight.

L. Craven, Bulwell: Increased 15½ lb. in weight and 24 in.

T. Toffee, Eastleigh: I have never possessed such a powerful concentration.

A. Walker, Droylsden: I have increased to½ in. in muscular development.

E. Brunger, Southborough: I have gained 10 lb in less than 6 mos.

R. Blythe, Leeds: I have gained 6 lb. in weight and muscle.

D. V. Owens, Summerhill: 100 per cent in and increased 7 in.

G. J. Andrews, Alcester: First month 8 lb. increase.

H. Bennett, Disley: Added 7 lbs., chest 14 in., biceps 1 in., etc., etc.

Compare these Results with those of other Courses
WRITE for the INTERNATIONAL COURSE

"I believe you'll find this interesting" says Evelyn Laye

NEITHER MY FATHER NOR MY MOTHER WANTED ME TO BE AN ACTRESS, THOUGH THEY WERE BOTH ON THE STAGE THEMSELVES. BUT I WAS DETERMINED. I RAN AWAY FROM SCHOOL TO TAKE MY FIRST PART

ON THE STAGE ONE HAS TO MAKE THE MOST OF ONE'S LOOKS. I SPENT POUNDS LOOKING AFTER MY SKIN. BUT IT WAS ONLY WHEN I WENT TO HOLLYWOOD THAT I LEARNT HOW INEXPENSIVE SKIN-CARE CAN BE

I FOUND NEARLY ALL THE STARS THERE USING LUX TOILET SOAP NATURALLY I TRIED IT TOO. NOW I ALWAYS USE IT. IT KEEPS MY SKIN MARVELLOUSLY SMOOTH, SOFT AND CLEAR. YOU TRY IT— BUT FIRST READ THE REASONS WHY IT IS SO GOOD

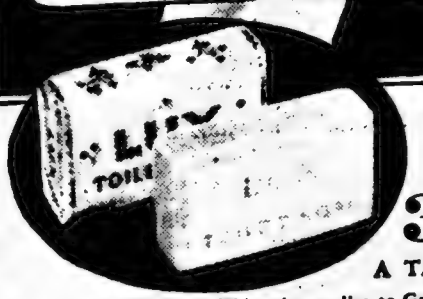
EVELYN LAYE has been on the stage since she was seventeen. With all her experience, she chooses the simplest and most inexpensive skin-care in the world. Here are the reasons why her simple care is the best for you too . . .

New skin for you in six weeks?

Skin specialists say your skin is changing all the time. Tiny cells are always flaking off from the surface. In six weeks' time your present surface skin will have disappeared entirely, and new skin, now forming beneath, will have taken its place. Film stars know that the great secret of beauty is to give this new skin the right care *now, while it is growing.*

Lux Toilet Soap has a special quick-lathering action which gives growing skin just the care it needs. It penetrates right through your surface skin, cleansing away every trace of dirt and stale cosmetics. It keeps your new skin exquisitely soft, smooth and clear as it comes to the surface.

846 of the 857 leading stars use this simple inexpensive skin-care. It has proved so effective, they have made Lux Toilet Soap the official soap in all the great studios. Try it yourself. See how lovely *your* new skin can be. You can buy Lux Toilet Soap everywhere.



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A LEVER PRODUCT

STOMACH SUFFERER'S OWN WARNING

Only one cure—substitutes useless

"Is there no way," writes Madame Annette Louise, of Bolton Road, Barry Dock, "to prevent the sale of substitutes for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder? After trying hundreds of remedies for indigestion and flatulence, at last I discovered your powder and the first bottle gave me relief. I cannot say enough about the splendid remedy, but several friends to whom I recommended it have been sold imitations and derived no benefit. I have also experienced this myself. Cannot you put a stop to these —d. powders being sold as yours? I have yet to meet one who has not benefited by the use of the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder."

If you suffer from indigestion, if you want to get relief after years of suffering, get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day. But do not accept an inferior substitute in order to save a few pence. Be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

CORNS come out—*root and all!*

Just one little drop of 'Freezone' Corn Remover on that aching corn will stop all pain instantly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, root and all. It's the quickest way known to get rid of corns and callouses. 1/3 a bottle from chemists.

To agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

BETS BY POST

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1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-; £1; £2; £5; £10

up to any amount in accordance with rules

SECURE LONG ODDS NOW

HUNT CUP

Send for Price List. Every horse quoted.

ALL POSTAGE PAID

NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE

WINNINGS BY RETURN

LETTER COMMISSIONS

bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race, will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

Send your name for particulars of our service and Future Events Price List.

Name.....
J.B. 8 6 35.

Address .....

Town.....County.....

DAVID COPE
ALFRED H MAURICE Ltd
27 BATH STREET, GLASGOW C.2

Most Deserving Mother I Know

SHE'S a widow deserving of all the sympathy and praise we can spare. Her husband was drowned in a terrible lifeboat disaster, and now her two sons have become members of the lifeboat crew.

But when the rockets call her sons, does she plead with them to stay at home for her sake?—to remember their father's death?

No! She's the first to help them prepare, to urge them to hurry. Heartless? Not a bit of it; she just remembers that some other mothers' sons are in peril, and by sinking her own fears and misgivings her courage helps to bring them to safety. *W. Y., Hull.*

SHE'S DAD, TOO

Although she's not a widow—indeed, she has a very good and hardworking husband—she has to be both father and mother to her children. Hers is the full responsibility of the home; she has to make all decisions, large and small; budget for sickness, holidays and education.

Without the companionship of her husband she bravely faces the world. She is the sailor's wife you'll find in any port.—*W. I. W., Winsford.*

CALM, COURTEOUS

Not only the Flock, but those outside the Fold, depend on her for advice, encouragement and assistance. Visits to pay, a spot of nursing, classes, committees, organisations; the care of her husband and family, it's all in the day's work.

With less money and leisure than the average clerk's wife, she still remains a calm, courteous, cheerful Christian woman—the parson's wife I know.—"*Freda,*" *Mansfield.*

"LITTLE MOTHER"

As I passed through the stuffy little basement kitchen to the dark, back room which accommodated her invalid father, the "little mother" was ironing. She smiled a greeting; but her face looked tired and pale, and beads of perspiration glistened on her brow.

Saddled with the responsibility of four young children and an invalid father at the age of fifteen, when her mother died, this gallant "mother" takes in washing that her family may eat.

How deserving of a real rest she is!—*A. R., Addiscombe.*

HOLIDAY IMPOSSIBLE

My wife still "mothers" us all—two grown-up daughters and my helpless, crippled self.

Yet the house is always spotless, while she finds time to nurse me, "dress" the girls, and do outside dressmaking to help keep the wolf from the door.

She cannot have the holiday she so richly deserves, for she insists that nobody else could look after me properly, and we cannot afford to all go away. To my mind she is the most wonderful wife and mother in the world, deserving more than the world could ever give.—*H. B., Surrey.*

Mine!

Who but my own? Didn't she rear me from a weakling to one able to stand on his own feet. Didn't she watch over me night and day so that I might have a chance to live and grow strong?

Didn't she often go without herself so that I might have the good things of life? And didn't she suffer untold agonies during the war while I was at the Front? What is more, isn't my own mother representative of every mother?

Knowing myself, I still think mine is the most deserving mother.—"*Tyke,*" *Yks.*

MADE OWN MOURNING

I was glad to hear a glowing reference made to her at the Congregational Conference a few weeks ago in one of the most touching speeches ever made.

She was a struggling minister's wife, so poor that, when the doctors gave her a few months to live, she sat up through the night hours making black dresses for her daughters to wear at her own funeral. She knew the cost of the ceremony would cripple her husband otherwise.

That's the most deserving mother I have ever known.—*F. H., S.W.17.*

NEVER GRUMBLE

A grave-faced angel whose purse is often light through tender solicitude for others. Daily she is to be seen pedalling succour some poor sister. Even her S days off are dedicated to sitting by fireside of a woman who is lonely bedridden.

Children adore her; old men on wayside seat touch their caps in sinc regard as she passes by. Her wage small, but she never grumbles—know that her worth is being assessed b Divine Master.

A mother, a widow, a devoted d nurse.—*Mr. A., Lancs.*

JOYS AND SORROWS

The most deserving mother I know she who, despite sickness and sudde makes her house a home not only for own large family, but for her childr friends.

Although up with the lark, toiling slaving, she keeps late hours the benefit of those strange who, living from home, come her with their joys and sorro

She, who is sacrificing health on the altar of lo service, uncomplainingly d the hundred and one jobs o she can do, is my mother. of the best and certainly most deserving. — "*Proud Her,*" *Hamilton.*

CHAINED . . .

I know this mother thro a widower friend of mine, whom she does daily housew She has her regular calls ev day for washing and mend yet still manages to keep own home and children cl and respectable.

Some of her hard-ear money is spent on provi comforts for her husband, is in a lunatic asylum.

My friend would like to d for her, but the law will not lease her from her marital ties, and cannot spoil her children's lives by illicit alliance. A martyr to duty she indeed, a deserving mother.—*W. D. Bristol.*

SOFT SPOT

An old Chinese woman, yet to me is the embodiment of everything tha fine in motherhood.

My father worked for an electrical in Hong Kong. An epidemic of fever wi out hundreds, dad among them. Mot broken-hearted, died a year later an was left alone. None of the Eng friends we had known suggested tak me, so I went to the old Chinese wom who had worked for mother.

She treated me like her own son. T was twelve years ago, and I still hav soft spot for the Chinese because of t old woman.—"*Twenty,*" *Coldfield.*

WAR HERO

I first met her in a shattered vil somewhere in France. Her clothes w poor and shabby, her face careworn thin, but she could still smile.

She lived in a barely furnished ce which had been partly destroyed by he artillery. She was practically the o villager who remained in that zone death and destruction.

Every day she carried a tin of so socks knitted by herself, or some li token of love to her only son in French lines. . . . When her beloved was killed, this great-hearted mot sought refuge in the spiritual calm o convent.—"*Corporal,*" *Glasgow.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Mother Nature, for all her exasperat moods. The most deserving, because is a mother to everyone; in fact, it is exaggeration to say we cannot live with her. Yet how seldom we appreciate he *Miss E. S., Blackburn.*

Bravely facing up to the fact that son would never see again, she spent life savings in giving him a musical edu tion. Now this sightless young man fast becoming an organist of fam *A. C. A., Bath.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Ascot Long-Shots

I HAVE been asked to suggest some ante-post wagers for the big Ascot gambles—the Stakes, Hunt Cup and the Wokingham.

Without the weights (due this week) it is asking for trouble, but I aim to please!

Crawley Wood, the runaway winner of the Great Met., must have a good chance in the Stakes. Others I like are Bloater—who has not had much luck this season—and Spinifex.

The last-mentioned, who is a son of the Derby winner, Papyrus, may be my final selection if the handicapper does not treat him too severely.

I expect Wychwood Abbot will get a back-breaker in the Hunt Cup, but he is such a genuine sort that he cannot be left out of calculations. Leader's four-year-old did my readers a good turn in the Cambridgeshire and also obliged in the recent "Jubilee." I again make him the selection.

The Wokingham *is not so easy*, although we found the winner, Coroado, twelve months ago. The distance—six furlongs—is ideal for Over Coat. Others I like are Commander III, who appears to have found his form, and Master Vere.

Wise backers pay attention at Ascot to the three-year-olds which have competed in the Derby and ran with credit. They are cherry-ripe from the point of view of condition.

False Point, Trojan Maid and Ajax, at Kempton Park this week-end, may pay the Whitsun expenses.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 6, to Wednesday, June 12.

H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W N 96 G E D V
Q C 93 B A K X U Z R 98 T F 94 M P

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: O9893FQ9694M would read KNIGHTED. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. JSW949628 would read CARETTA.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, June 11.

The First Thing Mr. Baldwin Should Do

"BONDMAN TOBACCO! —you think of everything"

Full time pipe-smokers know what a difference freshness makes to a tobacco and that is why **BONDMAN** is their first choice. The fine, grand, mellow flavour of **Bondman is sealed in Vacuum Tins.** You can open an ounce of **Bondman** any time—anywhere. It will always be fresh and fragrant.

LLOYDS'

BONDMAN

A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS

10d. PER OZ.

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA

11½d. PER OZ.

PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

TRAVEL L.M.S.

Apply at any L.M.S. Station or Office for full details of Monthly Return Tickets (1st class 1½d. a mile —3rd class 1d. a mile). Express Services to Blackpool from all parts.

There's everything at Blackpool—health, pleasure, sport, entertainment, rest and quiet, laughter and happiness. Nowhere else can you get such enjoyable variety—something to suit every mood. There's a magnificent swimming pool, ballrooms, theatres, pavilions, piers, cliff walks, sea-washed beach — quiet places and gay. Decide *now* that you're coming to Blackpool *this* year.

Guide and full particulars will be gladly sent by P.W. Foster, Town Hall, Blackpool.

She thought her washing was white . . .

When you put ordinary washing against Persil washing the difference almost hits you in the face!

This is why. An ordinary washer just takes the dirt off the surface of the fabric. It can't do more. But Persil does *much* more. Persil is soap *plus oxygen.* The cleansing oxygen bubbles go right to the very heart of the fabric. They push out the ingrained, rubbed-in dirt—the dirt that ordinary soap leaves behind. So Persil is *bound* to make things cleaner and whiter. And because it works so gently it makes clothes last longer, too.

Persil

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

PER 485-264-CB

JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

HOLIDAYS are heaven, but paying for them is the very devil, isn't it? With £30 cash to spend at the seaside each summer, though, your difficulties would disappear.

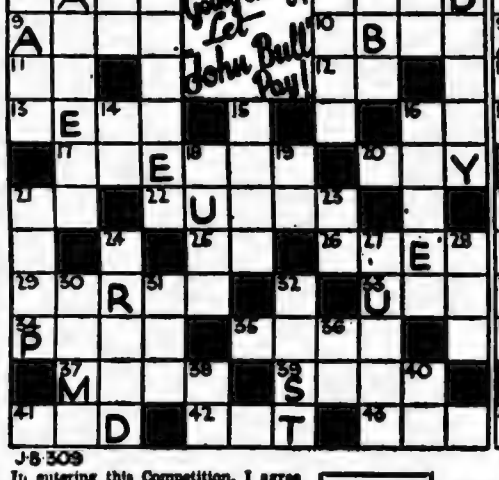
Well, a £30 Holiday Pension Cheque yearly for life is only one part of the fine 3-in-1 First Prize which "John Bull" will present if you can beat all other solvers of the entertaining puzzle on this page. Nearly 70 competitors have already scored an outright success, so why shouldn't you?

To free Holidays this year, next year and every year for life, "John Bull" adds something much more—an income of 30s. weekly as long as you live. And because ready money is welcomed by everybody, there is a £300 cheque to complete this fine reward for half an hour's work on our Crossword.

Examine closely the Clues our ingenious Compiler has prepared for this puzzle, remembering that haphazard decisions are futile. But remember that you cannot be amongst the winners unless your entry is in by noon on Thursday, June 13.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30s. a week, £300 in cash and a £30 holiday prize annually for life (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be shared by Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. A Surprise Award, with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 20, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 27.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 309—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1935



J-B-309

J-B-309

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

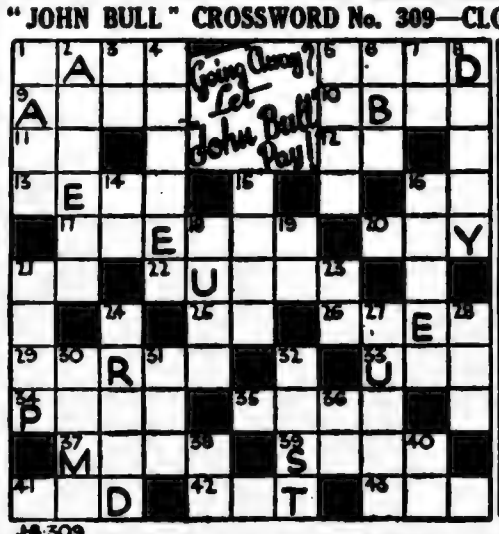
ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 309—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1935



J-B-309

J-B-309

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "John Bull" Crossword No. 309, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp).

ACCEPT FREE X-WORD HELP! Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address, Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 6 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 307.

Winners in Crossword No. 306 appear on page 38. Winners in Crossword No. 307 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 307 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Mint sauce improves it
5. What banks do to earn interest
9. Go slowly in a built-up one
10. Competent
11. Letters which stand for a railway
12. Web without centre
13. You won't win this without some training
16. The middle of scar
17. Are shifted by stage hands
20. Its smell is familiar to many
21. Last of first and last
22. Open country is truly this
25. Two-thirds of ton
26. Recruits are often out of this
29. Yorkshire is the county of broad ones
33. Put to some purpose
34. Wears long hair and Editor's temper
35. Is sometimes put up to get out of dock
37. Emblem of authority on Speaker's table
39. Unemployed captain would welcome one
41. May have bad influence on a lad
42. Something in this may cause you anxiety
43. Accounted for his heavy feeling

DOWN

1. Salvation of many a blackguard
2. What clever crook avoids
3. One end of meal and the other of home
4. Upsets a nervous bowler
5. Why birds get fat on
6. Tides do this and flow
7. Both ends of nail
8. This in supplies makes greengrocer grumble
14. Beginning of acrimoniousness
15. Fire didn't worry him
16. Heavy burden to carry
18. You cannot gather them in May
19. Nearly all say
21. Can be secured in various shapes
23. Pounds and shillings without the pence
24. One can't get along without this
27. Spring flower that grows from a bulb
28. Helps to form character
30. Unconscious state
31. And the rest
32. Having one will embarrass you at times
36. Reverse a cry which attracts attention
38. First half of echo
40. Cut tail off pig

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it "& Co."; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, June 13, 1935.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from "John Bull" plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette."

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 27, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, July 9, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £150. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £850 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

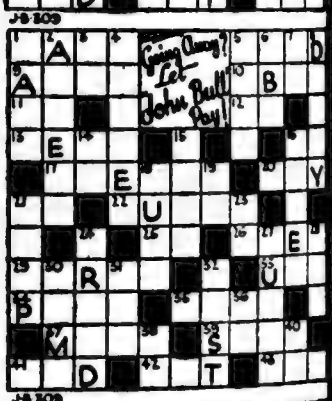
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

J-B-307

J-B-309



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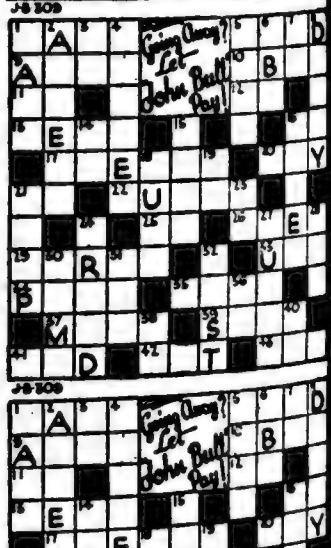

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J-B-309

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner obtains his copy of "John Bull," should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers. Newsagent

The Editor Laughs Last

WISEACRE (Atherton).—"Shifting sand is dangerous." We should call it tiring.

C. S. (Woolwich).—"My office boy had no 'go.'" So he went?

D. J. (Lincoln).—"Motoring is a fine tonic for the jaded." But not after the run down.

H. W. (Acton).—"Shop employees must be quick on the up-take." Especially lift girls.

G. N. V. (Margate).—"There are some things we must close our eyes too." Soap, for instance.

COBBLER (Potters Bar).—"I put my work before anything." Your last comes first.

GROWER (Hants).—"I think my strawberries this year will more than pay my rent." That's a rosy outlook.

PLUMBER (Walworth).—"I had visions of getting big money, but it doesn't seem possible in this business." Just a pipe-dream?

T. L. (Brighton).—"My sister is inconsolable. She was engaged to a promising young engineer and he has jilted her." He didn't keep his promise.

T. Y. (St. Andrews).—"When my wife asked me to cut the lawn, I made the excuse that the mower wouldn't work." And did it work?

MRS. B. C. (Southend).—"When my schoolboy son came home from the waxworks, he was full of them." Of course, you sent for a doctor?

T. R. C. (Blackheath).—"My barber paints pictures in his spare time." He should know a lot about oils and brushwork.

P. T. (Derby).—"A woman circus dwarf, who is only 2 ft. 10 in. tall, is said to be always exquisitely dressed." Yet she buys her clothes for a ridiculously small figure.

DAD (Bootle).—"If my son is determined to become a machine - gunner, then so be it." You are wise not to stand in his way.

INTERESTED (Clyde).—"How does one rise to the job of lighthouse keeper?" By the stairs.

J. G. (Boston).—"I have invented a new tennis racket which will stand any climate." For service at home and abroad?

TENT (Harwich). —"The future of camping is at the cross-roads." Surely you mean in the fields?

T. C. (Holborn).—"The best hotels now have a miniature library in every suite." Well, that's one way of ensuring that all their rooms are booked.

G. M. (Lewes).—"Because my wife's nerves were getting bad, I bought the best car I could to get her out in the country." In the hope of avoiding a breakdown?

PUBLICITY AGENT (E.C.).—"A tug-of-war team is to tour the seaside towns as an advertisement for a health food." There should be no doubt about its pulling power.

"SUPERSTITIOUS" (Motherwell). —"When a window is broken it is a sign that somebody is going to leave the house hurriedly." Probably the small boy who broke it.

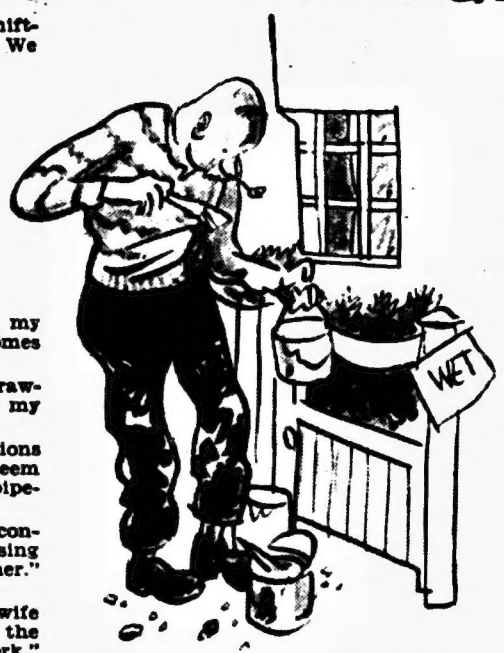
H. P. (St. Leonards).—"While inspecting the offices, which I had thought of buying, the floor gave way, so I refused to consider the proposition." In other words, it fell through.

MARKSMAN (Deal).—"A retired magistrate who is a member of our club has a strange habit of uttering a warning shout before he fires." He is no doubt used to discharging with a caution.

P. L. (Taunton).—"Knitting in restaurants seems quite a common practice nowadays." Just the other day we noticed a lady in Soho absentmindedly unravelling a skein of tangled spaghetti.

MRS. C. E. (Rotherhithe).—"When my husband threw an old boot at a street musician, his shot went wide and hit a passer-by who, unfortunately, was a violoncellist." So your husband had to pay the piper.

M. P. (Golders Green).—"The girls at my daughter's school are so angry at having to wear black stockings in the summer that they are planning to strike." They'll make a strong stand against blackings, no doubt.



L. W. (Stockton).—"Last Saturday I painted my first door, finishing two coats." The last door we painted finished a pair of trousers.

LISTENER (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—"The average weather forecast leaves me cold." And wet.

JOHN (Tiverton).—"The removal people promised their van would call at 11 o'clock to collect our goods, but it didn't turn up." So you had to shift for yourselves?

R. K. (Tiverton).—"It must be very painful for an auctioneer to put his own possessions under the hammer." Especially if one of them happens to be his own thumb.

The Kid

D. S. (Truro).—"I am handicapped at my work by being left-handed." You can't do anything right?

IRENE (Rhyl).—"I had my first shorthand lesson three months ago. Now I can write 100 words per minute." That's quick work.

S. T. (Poplar).—"I have been in the rope business for so long that I don't see any chance of getting out of it." Quite tied up, in fact.

A. N. (Ipswich).—"Because of my powerful voice I did very well on the cocoanut shy stall." A roaring trade?

M. N. (Tottenham).—"I was charged far too much for a piece of wood 4 in. by 4 in." You didn't get a square deal.

R. J. (Banbury).—"A hiker's best friends are what he has on his feet." Excluding corns, of course.

C. O. (Mitcham).—"I find that belonging to a good athletic club is rather exclusive." Heavy running expenses?

COMMERCIAL (Putney).—"It took me over two hours, but I came away with an order for 5,000 balls of string." That was a long talk, anyway.

MISS D. (North Berwick).—"Sunbathing is one of the best methods of dispersing fat." Plump persons, then, should leave no stone unburned.

TRAVELLER (Sevenoaks).—"A fountain pen which a friend of mine has invented will not break if hit with a hammer and it is inflammable." But will it write?

MOTORIST (Birkenhead).—"I pulled up in a yard." But, no doubt, the owner was a bit annoyed at you for knocking his wall down.

HOUSEHOLDER (Kingsbury).—"Sparrows are nesting under my roof. Should I take steps to remove them?" No, a long ladder.

NATURIST (Leeds). —"Something about a nudist colony gives one the urge to leap up and dance." A clump of stinging nettles?

A. C. (Barnsley).—"A woman was recently awarded damages against a golfer whose ball struck her on the forehead." A lump sum, no doubt.

AVIATION INSTRUCTOR (Hendon).—"I have recently been teaching a number of electricians to become pilots." Making the sparks fly?

SHOE MANUFACTURER (Nottingham).—"If a man has to dry his feet after walking in the rain, what does it signify?" That they've got wet.

STUDENT (St. Andrews).—"My intention at the moment is to become a great historian." So at present your future appears to be in the past.

TOM (Ripon).—"When he asked me an impertinent question I dealt him a straight left right on his nose." A direct answer, in other words.

MRS. L. (Oxford).—"My husband, who has a terrible temper, threw the sweets at the cook because she spoiled them at a party we were giving." So she got her deserts.

AMBITIOUS (Wimbledon). —"I think that a smart youth can make a lot of money as a ball boy on tennis courts." Well, they always seem to be picking up something.

J. T. C. (Manchester).—"The sad part of a holiday is the return journey." Not if you've spent a Millionaire's Week at Blackpool for Two at JOHN BULL'S expense and are going home to make plans for using your £600 cash. That and 99 other holiday prizes on page 39.

CRITIC (London, S.W.).—"Hollywood uses the same old formula for every traditional film." The producers apparently take full advantage of the fact that history repeats itself.

G. E. (Swansea).—"When I paid my first visit to the baths, everything looked just the same as it did last year." You may be sure the water had been changed, though.

G. L. (Croydon).—"A gangster in America who was arrested a month ago has slept continually for the last three weeks." He will most likely have a long stretch when he awakes.

CHORUS GIRL (West End).—"Our stage manager had his first trip on an aeroplane the other day and says he felt quite at home." Well, after all, he is accustomed to seeing things from the wings.

F. G. (Bedford). —"When I met some friends from Australia quite unexpectedly at the beginning of a recent hike, I thought the world was a very small place indeed." That, of course, was at the beginning of the hike!

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

BABY'S ECZEMA
QUICK HEALING FOLLOWS INSTANT RELIEF FROM TORTURE

It wrings a mother's heart to see her baby disfigured and tormented by some horrible, sleep-destroying skin eruption. But helplessness and grief are promptly turned to confidence and joy at the amazing effects of Cuticura treatment. Its cooling, soothing action gives instant relief from itching torture. Baby gets his natural sleep and begins to thrive. As the treatment proceeds, the eruption dies down and steadily fades until no blemish remains.

How Cuticura Heals

Wash the affected part daily with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching, and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery.

Baby Pitiful To See

"Red spots started on my baby's face and they itched all the time, causing baby to scratch and lose a lot of sleep. Her little face was a terrible sight; she was pitiful to look at. It used to burn and was terribly inflamed and moist. I had her treated, but she got no better. Then I decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment, now baby is perfectly healed and has a lovely skin. (Signed) Mrs. F. Moon, 42, St. John's Road, Elvington, Nr. Dover.

Cuticura Ointment 1/3, 2/6 and 5/-. Cuticura Soap 1/-. Sample of Soap, Ointment and Talcum sent on receipt of 1½d. stamp for postage.
Address: Cuticura (Dept. 78HO), Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 27 Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

Cuticura
SOOTHING ANTISEPTIC HEALING

Reduce YOUR High BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. COME OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. Get it NOW

(Prescription No. 1106/T) Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 97), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

NO MORE GREY HAIR

If grey hairs are beginning to show, think how old you will look when they multiply. Retain the youthful colour by applying Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, clean.—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 5/- per bottle; or post free from L. F. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

VALENTINE'S WALNUT STAIN
BRITISH OWNED & MADE EXTRACT

Send for this
FREE ILLUSTRATED GIFT LIST

An interesting illustrated list of gifts is offered by the makers of Foster Clark's Cream Custard. A free copy, together with one Free Coupon, will be sent to every reader who writes, mentioning "John Bull," to Foster Clark, Ltd., Dept. J.B.1, Maidstone, Kent.

£1,000 Won in Crossword Competition No. 306.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following thirty-seven competitors, who share the £850 offered :—

Allen, Miss M. I., 35, Colwyn Ave., Derby ; Ashworth, N., 589, Bury Rd., Rochdale ; Batten, W. C. H., 163, Burgess Rd., Southampton ; Berry, T., 295, Chepstow Rd., Newport, Mon. ; Booth, A., 21, Spring Place, Pendlebury, Lancs ; Bowden, Mrs. F. M., 22, Glyn Grove, Bramhall, Ches. ; Collie, N. R., 221, Cardigan Lane, Headingley, Leeds 6 ; Copping, H. A., 36, Garden St., Accrington ; Davis, C., 162, Cedar Rd. East, Northampton ; Duthie, M. F., 19, Station Parade, Rayners Lane, Pinner ; Dyson, J., 3, Northfield Terr., Slaithwaite, Huddersfield ; Eaves, Miss Q., 45, Rosebery St., Burton Latimer, Northants ; Elliott, J., 90, Skiddaw St., Blackburn ; Fitton, E., 106, Manor Haigh Rd., Lupset, Wakefield ; Found, A. A., 46, Ranelagh St., Barton Hill, Bristol 5 ; Garrett, A. S., School House, Barton Hill, nr. Leicester ; Gould, Mrs. A., 157, Tennent St., Belfast ; Graham Miss L., Glencairn, 144, Wheelwright Rd., Erdington, Birmingham ; Hammond, A. S., Lower Flat, 3, Norfolk Terr., Brighton ; Hawksworth, J., 58, Thorpe House Rise, Norton Lees, Sheffield 8 ; Hillier, K. F., 102, Clarence Ave., New Malden, Surrey ; Hutchison, Mrs. J., Selwyn, 7, Rockcliffe, Whitley Bay ; Langridge, Miss A., 21, Gloucester Rd., Croydon ; Leach, R., 35, Rochdale Rd., Oldham ; McBurnie, R., 55, School Lane, Birkenhead ; Moore, Mrs. H., 98, Ebury Rd., Rickmansworth, Herts ; Morton, Miss. L. S., 12, Dundonald Rd., Liverpool 17 ; Owen, C., 167, Malvern Rd., Queens Park, London, N.W.6 ; Phillips, W. J., 36, Carlton Terr., Swansea ; Ricalton, J. I., 3, Greencroft Rd., Hounslow West, Mddx. ; Rose, F., 18, Meredith St., Cradley Heath, Staffs ; Ryland, Mrs. C., Crosshills, Lambert Rd., Banstead, Surrey ; Scutt, H. W., 7, Battle Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea ; Sinclair, W., 3, Burton Villas, Field St., Hull ; Taylor, J., 444, Oldham Rd., Rochdale ; Towler, G., 195, Church Rd., Leyton, E.10 ; Whittle, Mrs. E., 117, Essex Rd., Southsea, Hants.

To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £22 19s. 5d. will be sent.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, June 18, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 509 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive 5/11. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted four 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

Surprise Awards were won by 2,768 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.

A Life Pension of 30/- a week, £300 in cash and a £30 Holiday cheque annually, or the lump sum of £850 is waiting to be won in this week's Crossword Offer on Page 36. Make up your mind to enter now.

CORNS COME OUT ROOT AND ALL!

WHY THIS EASY METHOD IS CERTAIN AND SURE.

The most obstinate and painful corn can be quickly loosened in a footbath which has been medicated and oxygenated by 'Reudel Bath Saltrates.' The oxygen enters the pores and carries the essential salts of famous curative Spas right to the roots of the corn. **Soon it loosens and can be scraped completely away—and your misery and torture are gone for good.** Foot aches and pains vanish. *Don't suffer another day*—ask your chemist plainly for triple-oxygenated 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' —nothing else can give you such complete relief.

A DOCTOR SAYS:—"I've found a very good thing in 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' . . . . . I believe it does all it claims. I would not be without it." J. ——, M.D., O.B.E.

Say Good-Bye To
HARD CORNS
SOFT CORNS
CORNS BETWEEN TOES
CALLOUSES
ITCHING
BURNING PAIN
And All
FOOT TROUBLE.

REUDEL BATH
Pronounced ROO-DEL
Saltrates
only in YELLOW Packets
from all chemists 1/6 & 2/6.

VERY IMPORTANT
If you want quick relief from corns and painful foot troubles, on no account must you confuse 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' with bath salts which lack curative action. Ask plainly for 'ROO-DEL' (there is no substitute and nothing else is as good) and see you get the YELLOW packet.

INFLUENZA! TAKE
FENNINGS' FEVER CURER
THE GREAT PREVENTIVE AND REMEDY FOR INFLUENZA, COLDS, FEVERS AND INFECTIOUS DISEASES
70 YEARS REPUTATION.
Sold in Bottles at 1/3
SEND FOR THIS.
FENNINGS "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR
Post Free on Application to:
ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, I.W.
WHEN WRITING PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

★ £250 Cash for only 3 Words!

HERE'S a magnificent opportunity to win £250 first prize in the Nestle's Milk Chocolate Competition announced on p. 27. For only 3 words, this wonderful Cash prize and 352 others from £50 (2nd prize) downwards must be won in In this simple NESTLET Competition, details of which are clearly set out in the announcement. Forward your Entries now, while you think of it, as the Competition entries must be sent in by Friday, June 14.

TURN TO PAGE 27 NOW!

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out acids and Poisonous wastes from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but be careful! Don't use drastic irritating drugs. If Kidney and Bladder troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Acidity, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, or Loss of Energy, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's prescription CYSTEX (Siss-tex). Starts work in 15 minutes. Soothes and tones raw, irritated tissues. Guaranteed to cure or money back. Only 3/- at Boots and all Chemists.

"DON'T BANK all your PRIZE!"

says big "Bullets" Winner

"WHAT did I do with my big *Bullets* cheque? Just take a look around!"

There was the pride of the home lover in these words of Mr. W. J. Sole, writes a JOHN BULL representative, as we chatted in the cosy sitting-room of his home at 454, Porter's Avenue, Dagenham, Essex. I had been invited there to see some of the happy results of his £200 success in our 933rd Contest a few months ago.

"That piano over there," said this young lorry driver, "is my latest purchase —and the electric lamp standard behind it was one of the first. I used to be very fond of the piano, and always hoped to have one in my own home. But we'd never have been able to get one without my big prize.

"When I learnt that I'd won Second Prize with my *Bullet* PERILOUS PATH—WE TREAD—'DODGING PERAMBULATORS'," this thirty-year-old winner went on, "my first intention was to bank the major part of it.

"But after a long talk, my wife and I decided that it would be better to give ourselves some of the pleasures that money can bring. First, we meant to see what we could do to brighten our home. This room got the first additions, with the standard lamp and this mat.

"Now," continued Mr. Sole, "if you'll come into the kitchen, my wife will show you what we did there." A handsome new gas-cooker of the modern type was what I saw. "And, lately," Mrs. Sole added, "we've bought a new boiler and a small wringer. The work my husband put in at *Bullets* has certainly made my work a lot easier."

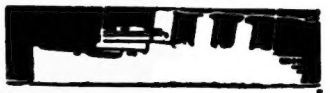
Then I was shown the bedroom, which had been improved by the addition of a comfortable chair, a linen basket, and an electric radiator. Downstairs again, on the way out to the garden, Mr. Sole pointed out the neat tool-chest, which was another of his recent purchases. And in the garden itself was a compact little tool-shed, built with some of the prize-money. Inside was a garden roller, acquired in the same way.

"When the garden had had its share," said Mr. Sole, "I bought a bicycle to help my wife in her shopping. My own bicycle was discarded for a motor-cycle, which has made travelling up to my work at Hackney a pleasure. A wire-haired terrier to guard our possessions was the next purchase on the list.

"Even all that buying didn't prevent us having a fine week's holiday in the Isle of Man to see the Tourist Trophy races last year, and having something over to put in the bank," concluded Mr. Sole. "We've certainly had our money's worth in happiness—and all in four words."

* * *

Imagine your excitement planning if a telegram came on Friday, June 21, to announce that you had won this week's splendid First Prize of £600 and a week's holiday at Blackpool for Two! Think about that, then about some *Bullets*, and see they are entered by Saturday, June 15.



FROM "BULLETS" WORLD CRUISE TRAVELLERS

"During the last four months we've travelled over 29,650 miles, seen 20 countries, revelled in thousands of astonishing sights and enjoyed ourselves in millionaire luxury from beginning to end.

"Thank you, 'John Bull,' and here's to your next World Travellers!"

Follow Mr. and Mrs. Turner round the world in s.s. *Empress of Britain*. Record World Cruise Offer coming shortly!

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 983

FIRST PRIZE, £1,000 SALOON CAR AND TATTOO WEEK-END IN LONDON FOR TWO

A. MACKENZIE, 6, Firpark Place, Glasgow.
Example: RUNNING AWAY
Bullet: DOESN'T PREVENT "SHADOW" FOLLOWING.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mrs. A. HEAD, 21, Kingsmead Terrace, Bath.
Example: Man With Vision
Bullet: Generally "Easy To See."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

S. DAY, 91, Rowheath Road, Cotteridge, Birmingham.
Example: Shock For The Neighbours
Bullet: "*Old* Dress" Germany Flaunting.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

A. V. BOWMAN, 903a, Oxford Road, Tilehurst, Berks.
Out Of Hand—Sonny? "In Your Hands"!

M. C. DIMENT, 32, Parkmead Road, Wyke Regis, Dorset.
The Comedian—"Any Good Jobs Vacant?"

R. J. FLETCHER Ashlyn, Prestwood, Gt. Missenden.
Common-sense—Warns—Spurs—Spurns Wars.

J. GEER, 12, De Burgh Road, Lexden, Colchester.
Bitter Cup—Farewell Drink With Workmates.

E. IVORY, 9, Alexandra Gardens, Folkestone.
Soldiers—Fighting *World's* Foe, Doctors.

H. MILLAR, 64, Newbold Road, Rugby.
When Dad's Horse Won—Didn't "Know Anything" Later

J. OAKES, 98, Bradwall Road, Sandbach, Ches.
Dogs Of War—Mere "Flea-bite" Often Rouses.

Mrs. L. PRICE, 127, Bensham Lane, Thornton Heath.
Common-sense — Needed — Nations Uncommonly Sensitive.

H. ROWBOTTOM, 10, Smirk Street, Fylde Road, Preston.
Mighty Hit—Compensated Trier For "Buffetings."

T. WILLIAMS, 61, Brynhyfryd, Cwmaman, Aberdare
Cure For Unemployment—Candidate—For Optimism. Member.

10 OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mrs. F. BIRKS, 11, Pritchard Street, Wednesbury.
Without A Murmur—Sea Not Annie's Steward!

E. J. JOHNSTON, 49, South Parade, Belfast.
Out Of The Ground—Had He *Hit* It!

C. H. KNIGHT, Elwell House, Stockland, Ilminster.
Ramsay And Co.—And "G[illegible]—Situation Saved.

Mrs C. PARTRIDGE, 70, Radford Road, Leamington Spa.
Round The Corner—Aircraft Brought "Four Corners."

W. L. POEL, 462, Brentwood Road, Gidea Park, Essex.
In A Hurry—Life—"Hurrying Days" On[illegible]

G. REES, Naes-y-Bar House, Tabor Road, Llansamlet, Swansea.
"After You!"—Said Moneylender To Bookie (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. R. A. ROSILLO, "Newross," Thackeray Lane, Arnold, Notts.
What The Victim Said—"Learning Driving? You're Expert!"

Mrs. L. A. ROWE, 71, Southlands Road, Rushwell, Weymouth
Man With Vision—"Blind" Man's *Butt*.

J. STEVENSON, 2,065, Great Western Road, Glasgow.
Man With Vision—And Always "Grapnel" Scientist.

G. E. WOOD, 20, Argyle Road, Tottenham, N.
Sonny's Rabbits—"Losing Place"—Tortoise "Arriving"!

A list of 50 10s. winners and 500 winners of 2s. 6d. plus Bonus can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

100 HOLIDAY CHEQUES value over £1,250

FINE 'BULLETS' 2-in-1 FIRST also £600

'Millionaire's HOLIDAY WEEK FOR TWO at BLACKPOOL

YOUR "BULLETS" HOLIDAY

Winner and chosen companion will travel first-class from home to Blackpool, or to any other British holiday resort, to stay at luxurious hotel for one week. Motoring, flying, sight-seeing and other entertainment will all be provided by "John Bull". If preferred, £50 cash paid in place of Holiday Week.

99 £50 £40 £30 £20 £15 £10 £9 £8 £7 Extra £20 BONUS

10 Holiday Cheques each £6

30 Holiday Cheques each £5 | 50 Holiday Cheques each £2.10

500 or 2/6 • 2,000 RED SEAL 'TARGETS' • 8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

BE QUICK FOR "BULLETS" HUGE ONE-WEEK OFFER!

SPEND an interesting half-hour making *Bullets* and one of the efforts you enter this week may well bring you a tremendous thrill on Friday, June 28—a telegram from JOHN BULL congratulating you on winning to-day's splendid Holiday First of £600.

To celebrate this fine success you and your chosen companion would be invited to spend a glorious Millionaire's Holiday Week at Blackpool or any other British holiday resort. If you prefer, an extra £50 cash will be paid to you in place of the Holiday Week.

For those who just miss the top of the winning list there are 99 other big Holiday Cheques—and the total value of the Holiday Prizes in this one-week array of seaside cash exceeds the enormous sum of £1,250.

Remember—you have only this *one* opportunity of entering for these 100 chief prizes and the remaining 10,500 others in the list.

THE WAY TO WIN

TO make up a *Bullet*, you have merely to add to any of the *Examples* given TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment.

For instance, against the *Example*, TO PLEASE MOTHER, you might jot down as a first rough note, *Praising Children Better Than Giving Presents.* A few minutes' thought and you could readily compress and improve this to the finished *Bullet*, TO PLEASE MOTHER—BUY JEWELLERY? PRAISE "JEWELS."

Before starting on your own *Bullets*, spend a few minutes studying the winners in Competition No. 983 which appear on the previous page. These will guide you further in making prize efforts.

Having studied these winners closely, you are ready to make up one yourself. Get busy on your efforts without delay and see that your entry reaches the *Bullets* judges by Saturday, June 15, or you will miss the 100 fine Holiday Prizes offered this week.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

THE KING'S NAVY
COMING HOME
SUNNY DAYS
BETWEEN HER SOBS
OUTSIDE THE GATES
BUSY DAY
TROUBLE IN THE VILLAGE
TO PLEASE MOTHER
SANDY GOT RECKLESS AND WRONG MAN
"HOW'S THAT?"
IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE BUT
FATHER'S BOOKIE
SWIMMING
ON THE PIER
AUNTIE'S COSTUME
MAD SCRAMBLE
ALWAYS BETTER
BORED
SHOULD BE STOPPED
SOLEMN WARNING
WHEN ATTACKED
FATAL MISTAKE
HER PEOPLE
LIFE OF LEISURE
SHE'S AN HEIRESS, SO
NEW TO THE GAME
PRETTY FACE
OLD-FASHIONED
ON THE COURSE
OFF TO HOLLYWOOD
WON'T GO FAR
MOVING
LOSING HIS NERVE
ON THE SAFE SIDE
SONNY'S HOLIDAY

SAVE MONEY by enclosing this new Easy Registration Coupon with your entry for "Bullets" or "John Bull" Crosswords, and thus secure 48 pages of Competition assistance FREE!

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD.

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE. | AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE.

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

If you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being aptness, neatness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 982 will be displayed in the window of Mr. W. Herridge, 55, Upper Conran Street, Harpurhey, Manchester.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(987) Closing SAT., June 15.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(987) Closing SAT., June 15.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(987) Closing SAT., June 15.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(987) Closing SAT., June 15.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Signed ..... Address .....

If you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 987 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 987, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Read What Users of Elasto say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Now free from piles."
"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto." Etc.

Elasto, the Pleasant, Handy Remedy

Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets which *dissolve instantly* on the tongue; it is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health.

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food Remedy

Elasto

REGISTERED

For the Veins, Arteries and Heart

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health!

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins cease to be troublesome and soon become normal, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism is quickly relieved, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

Elasto is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. You will be amazed at the marvellous effectiveness of this pleasant, easy remedy; no fuss; no trouble; just glorious relief. And, remember, Elasto is not expensive. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Take Elasto for:—

Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Poor Blood, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad leg. Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

For All "John Bull" Readers

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the Great New Blood Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a whole month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

The NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.
(Dept. 15D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Not Magic—Just Logic!

Elasto corrects all Circulatory Disorders, because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever. The tiny tablets dissolve instantly on the tongue and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

THERE ARE NO SUBSTITUTES FOR ELASTO!
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

COUPON for Free Trial Sample of Elasto

The Great Blood Revitaliser

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., Ltd.
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